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• THE FRONT PAGE •

LAW is a wonderful thing. If a man from Mars could visit us nothing would so interest and astonish him as our law system, with its judges, its courts piled on courts, its delays, its expenses, its disappointments, its processes operating generation after generation, but bringing us no nearer a scheme of things that men can comprehend, but always tending towards more inextricable confusion. And yet men venerate our law system, accept its imperfections as inevitable, and keep their hands off it as if it were a sacred institution that dare not be touched save by sworn priests of the temple—and these sworn priests, the lawyers and judges, will never reform or simplify it in a thousand years.

In this age of enterprising newspapers an editor will some day assign a man of superior intellect to the task of following an action at law from its simple beginnings in single court up through one court after another, tracing as well its tedious delays, until it reaches its lame and impotent conclusion before the Privy Council—keeping, all the time, a record of its entire proceedings, their purport, cost and consequence; the issue argued in one court, the side issue examined through microscopes in the next—three judges reversing the decision of one for stated reasons, and five reversing the decision of three for quite other reasons, until in the end nobody is more astonished by the outcome of the action than the learned judge who first took it in hand and tried to fit justice to it. Should a competent critic with a luminous style of writing follow one of these cases through all its adventures and make a book of it, what a book it would be! What a reproach to our civilization would be inside its covers, with its chronicle of inconsequent trifles magnified by the genius of man into vast size while the actual rights and wrongs of the case, the real merits of it, proved too commonplace to engage the thoughts of any great man having anything to do with it!

An agreement in black and white between a municipality and a company, is read over, understood and agreed upon by the parties to it, when it is made. It is written in the English language, the mother tongue of all concerned in it. Yet when this document gets into the courts it is found that nobody understands it. The courts look upon it as so many sheets of printed puzzles—each clause *must* yield up its secret trick and cannot possibly be regarded by expert jurists as conveying the simple surface meaning that the average citizen thinks he sees there. To the layman an agreement seems to be written in English, but when it gets into court it is found to be Sanskrit or some other strange language incomprehensible to the layman, and full of meanings he never heard of when he helped to frame the document. The trained mind finds in it every meaning except that which the untrained mind thought to be the only one present. The plain and obvious purport of a clause the experts despise. Of what use would skill be, where would it turn for respect, where apply for its wage, if it should confirm the utterance of the unskilled? If obvious meanings and intentions lying on the surface were not rejected by the courts and other meanings extracted by torture from the language used, what a dead calm would ensue! The law would offer no attraction to our brightest minds. Things would be what they seem, justice would be what men think it is, the laws would become understood in course of time. Therefore, in law, nothing can possibly mean what it seems to mean. It must mean something else. But what else? Here is where judges differ. Few of them can agree on what else—one decides it is this, another that it is that, and when they have all had a whack at it the Privy Council is entitled to the final guess. There the matter ends, and the next case is called.

The Privy Council has handed down a long decision in the omnibus suit between the city of Toronto and the Street Railway Company. It may be an admirable piece of reasoning as such reasoning goes, but those among us who bore a part in the discussion as to what the city should do with her street car system just before it was leased some years ago to the present company, know very well that the Privy Council does not interpret the agreement in anything like the way it was understood between the parties when the deal was made. Representatives of the city and the company met, read the contract over clause by clause, reached a complete understanding as to each clause, agreed that the meaning of each clause was plain and unmistakable, or where doubt lurked plainer words were used. There was no hair-splitting at that time. But in course of time the company repudiated all the plain surface meanings of the contract and the courts do likewise. So far as the people are concerned the contract might as well have been written in Greek, and the representatives of the people might as well have taken the company's word for what the document contained, nicely set forth in a dead language—for English does not mean what English says in a case of this kind.

One might suppose that in the twentieth century a municipality in entering into a thirty-year contract with a company in connection with a public service involving

an annual turnover of millions of dollars, would be able to have an agreement drawn that would hold good in law; or would be able to refer the agreement before putting it into effect, to a court that could interpret it in advance and have both parties subscribe to it—agreeing to do only what they would be prepared to do, and avoiding the immense costs, delays, vexations and injustices that have attended the long years of friction between Toronto and the Street Railway Company.

But that would be too simple. It would overturn the profession of law, and dry up its revenues. So the great game must go on.

GENIUS is sometimes eccentric, and this has led many a foolish man to exhibit eccentricities, just as if you could turn a thistle into a fig tree by fastening a few figs upon it. If a man be a genius he can afford to forego the eccentricities. It is reported from France that M. Rostand, the poet and dramatist, has been advertising his genius of late by indulging in strange conduct. He will invite a friend to visit him, and on his arrival will refuse to see him. He will hide under a table to avoid a caller, and resort to other vaudeville tricks to mark the difference between himself and others. No doubt many a man has been tempted in his time to hide under a table to avoid a caller, yet has sighed, sat up and cheerfully met the

never have an art or a literature of her own, or some kind of a change took place.

To hear this young fellow pitying and petting himself as an unappreciated genius compelled to leave his native land because his countrymen had no love for art, while in his hands were drawings as crude as those the Aztecs left behind them, was about the most ludicrous experience of a life-time. A man accomplishes nothing without work, and it takes him a long time to learn how to work. An onlooker may observe the work of a newspaper cartoonist and may feel sure that he can draw as well, but it is probable that he would fall very far short of the experienced cartoonist in knowing what to draw day after day as events march past. The cartoonist may have had a long and hard climb to reach his position and the young man who thinks he deserves as good a post because he can copy a Gibson head, or a Sam Hunter cartoon, knows little about the business. Copyists are not wanted. Lots of young people can draw tolerably well. Lots of them can write well enough. The trick is to originate—to know what to draw and what to write, and to keep on always knowing "what" as well as "how."

FROM some of the comments that are appearing in some of the Canadian papers it might be supposed that the new postal treaty between Canada and the United

way than by putting up rates and shutting out some of this bulk of mail matter that yielded no revenue. Already it is announced that one New York weekly with a large circulation in Canada, will erect a plant in Toronto, and publish a Canadian edition here. If one publication adopts this course it is probable that two or three others will follow suit, in which case not only the postal revenues will benefit, but we shall have an enlarged publishing industry. As a rule the press has applause to offer when a United States industry finds it necessary to establish a branch factory in Canada and make here the goods meant for consumption here.

The purpose of the new treaty is to decrease the amount of free carrying done by the Canadian post office. This has been large in bulk—it is growing to immense, impossible proportions. But the new postal rate hits our small papers a hard blow, for they have contracted to send their papers for one dollar for 1907 to quite a few readers in the United States. I understand that Canada urged that the new rate should not go into effect until next January, thus giving publishers an opportunity to announce a new subscription rate, but to this the Washington authorities would not consent. Unless Canada would renew the old arrangement, the new one would have to go into effect at once. And into effect it comes. Perhaps some concession can be made publishers in view of the

loss imposed on them during the balance of the year by this treaty. Most of those across the border who subscribe for a small town weekly are former residents of the county in which the paper is published and most of them will renew next year at a half-dollar increase in the subscription price. However, while a Canadian publisher may fairly claim that he is injured in the carrying out of contracts already made for the present year, yet he cannot claim that he possesses a divine right to demand that the Government shall circulate his paper in a foreign country at the same rate as at home. More especially as the home rate is notoriously away below cost.

Under the old arrangement an American weekly, by paying one cent per pound, or \$20 per ton, could send a ton of papers to Toronto for distribution by the mail-carriers in this city. The Washington authorities received the \$20 and carried that ton of papers in bulk to the border, where the Canadian postal service took it in hand, brought it to the city, sorted the papers out and sent them by carriers all over the city, getting nothing whatever for all this work. Yet SATURDAY NIGHT could not have its papers delivered by the mail-carriers in Toronto, but must maintain a delivery service of its own, for the postal service asks us to pay—for the same service that it renders for nothing to an American weekly—\$160 per ton.

The old postal treaty was an experiment. It worked badly for Canada, and has been terminated. Between other countries there exists no such free exchange of newspapers as there has been for years past between the Dominion and the Republic.

AFTER the Press Club dinner on Tuesday, Mr. W. T. Stead, the guest of the evening, granted an interview to the reporters. It is one of the rules of the club that its proceedings are private, and that nothing said by a speaker shall get into print—in short, while all present are reporters, no reporters are present. So, after making his speech, the speaker of the evening adjourned to an outer room to be interviewed. No man could have abandoned himself to the ordeal more cheerfully. Mr. Stead is an elderly man, grey, sturdy, free and easy in his manner. He looks like an Ontario country villager—the head man of the place, so secure in his position and the knowledge that he is what he is, that he cares little for appearances. Or he reminds you of the old preacher on a country circuit, who is so sure of his gospel and his right to speak and be listened to that he does not need to be urged to talk. If a reporter asks him a question he will reply at a column's length. He could dictate the next number of The Review of Reviews in an afternoon. In the flesh he proves to be a much more homely and ordinary person than his reputation would lead one to expect.

Mr. Stead, however, will live in the memory of the pressmen of Toronto for the way in which he threw himself back in one chair, with his feet on another, a cigar at his lips, and announced himself ready to be interviewed. He takes for granted that there is a deep public interest in what he has to say. Reclining in his chair, with a group of reporters hanging on his words, the situation was exactly to his liking—this was the breath of his life, if he will permit one to discuss him after his own method. He appears to enjoy speaking about the great ones of the earth and what they said to him, and he to them. "Herky" Robinson, for instance, proves to be Sir Hercules Robinson, predecessor of Lord Milner at the Cape. He recalls clearly and quotes aptly remarks made to him by this king or that emperor when he dined alone with him at his palace. You are to infer that he is in constant receipt of letters from the various rulers of the earth—yet all the time you are to infer that he cares nothing for title and sham distinctions and sets value on worth alone. But you cannot help feeling that Mr. Stead rather dotes on his intimacy with royal and eminent



IN THE TANDEM CLASS

AT THE CANADIAN NATIONAL HORSE SHOW, ST. LAWRENCE ARENA, TORONTO.

unwelcome one. Rostand should be able to prove his genius by his works, not by his pranks. Some of these fine mornings it is probable that a committee of medical experts will drag him from under his table, tap on his skull with their little hammers, hear a hollow sound, and pronounce him insane.

Something interesting about another genius appeared in the despatches a few days ago. A boy of seventeen in Scotland, flushing hot with the fire of genius, wrote a play which he believed would make him famous. It was to be staged by some of his youthful admirers in a certain hall, but as the eventful day drew near it was learned that the hall could not be secured for the purpose. Deprived of fame, feeling that the whole world was conspiring against him, the young dramatist of seventeen, went forth and committed suicide. It is said that he left several unfinished dramas. One can imagine the kind of stuff this youth would write—this youth who suicided at his first rebuff, turned tail and fled the world before he had looked it in the face, quit before he had really made a beginning. He could have had no message worth delivering. It takes a real man to serve mankind—not a fop hiding under tables to make talk, nor a boy sulking into eternity because the world will not stop and listen to his treble.

THE boy who thinks he is a genius is about the most absurd of all creatures. He comes in on me sometimes with a poem or a drawing and believes that if he could have his effort published it would make the fortune of this journal. One day a young fellow who might better have been playing baseball on a corner lot, called on me with a bundle of exceedingly crude drawings, about the worst ever laid on my table. Probably nine school boys out of ten have work quite as good in their desks. But he took himself seriously and so I advised him honestly that his drawings were not marketable, but suggested that he should take tuition, should if he could, get in with those young artists in town who study in night classes. He looked at me, picked up those kindergarten drawings of his, said he could see quite plainly that an artist could get no chance in Canada—that he would have to leave the country, go to New York as all the best artists and writers have always had to do, and that he feared Canada would

States imposing a postal rate of four cents per pound on second class matter addressed from points in one country to points in the other, was an iniquitous thing—done deliberately with a view to benefiting a few special publications in Canada, regardless of the injury done to a great number of weeklies and dailies throughout the Dominion. Some of those who write angrily on this question appear to regard the increase in the postage as a piece of favoritism to a few journals.

But what are the facts? No person possessing any inside information on this subject is unaware that the increased postal rate has come into effect solely for reasons that concern the Canadian Post Office. No other argument would have weighed an ounce with the postal authorities at Ottawa, were it not for the fact that the American newspapers carried in Canada without yielding a cent to our postal revenue were increasing in numbers and weight annually—constituting an immense and ever-increasing mass of unprofitable business for the department. As the figures of the postal service concerning this class of business were considered year after year, as one official after another began to see how the volume of this business grew—where it stood in 1896 and how much greater it had become in 1906—they began to listen to those who had been arguing that too much periodical literature was flooding this country from across the border. It has been known for some years that the postal bargain between the two countries was inequitable and unscientific. On the second class matter mutually exchanged at the border, Canada got less than one-tenth of the revenue and performed nine-tenths of the work, for where one ton of our papers paid one-quarter of a cent per pound in Canadian postage to circulate freely in the States, ten tons of their papers paid one cent per pound in United States postage to circulate freely in Canada. Canada was handling an immense postal business originating in the United States, of which all the revenue went to Washington. The corresponding service rendered Canada was trifling. The disparity between the two services was increasing annually—our mail service was being clogged with a class of business that yielded nothing to our postal revenues; that seemed likely to expand enormously and yet never could yield a copper to Canada's postal revenue. As a business proposition the terminating postal treaty was an absurdity. The Canadian Government could see relief in no other

persons. He wants you to know that you are in the presence of the man who has pulled the wires that have operated Europe for twenty years past. And you could have believed it, had he not tried to impress it on you.

Here is a man who has earned for himself considerable influence in the world, but he has done it by making himself a good deal of a nuisance in right and worthy causes. A man of sensitive mold could never have played his role. In the big world of Europe he has been a meddler whom nobody could rebuff. Had his sphere of action been a small Ontario village he would have set the whole place by the ears—for he sees in the man who entertains views different from his own, a villain, a conscious, blatant, brass-faced villain who must be overthrown. Yet he has been not only a busybody but a prodigious worker, with a preference for toiling up-hill with unpopular causes. He is a crusader, a born fighter, a man of quarrels, and you feel that he would abolish wars mostly because he is not a soldier—mostly because he wants strife conducted with such weapons as he can wield. He may abhor war, but you cannot persuade yourself that he really wants peace. He would die of it. The strife of promoting peace delights him. It is a splendid scrap and promises to supply him with an up-hill fight for the rest of his days.

A SECTION MAN on the Intercolonial Railway in New Brunswick was standing beside the track a few days ago as a train thundered past, when he heard a loud snap and found that the train in passing had broken a rail. He hastened away and succeeded in stopping a passenger train, or another disaster would have been added to a list already too long.

Why should a rail break in this way? Was it too light for its work, or was it a poor rail? It is curious that in the past couple of years news should come from various points in the United States and Canada of railway disasters caused by broken rails, when accidents from such causes were formerly unknown. It means that traffic is growing heavier without a sufficient strengthening of the track or it means that the makers of rails are cheapening their product.

AFTER a year or more spent in carefully considering the names of about one hundred eminent scholars, the governors of the Toronto University have tendered the presidency to Dr. Falconer of Pine Hill College, Nova Scotia. Dr. Falconer possesses this undeniable merit that nobody knows anything against him, nor have I met anyone who is in a position to speak ill of the school at Pine Hill over which he presides. In fact he must be one of those doctors who refuse to advertise. The governors cabled their offer to the new president at Naples—perhaps they waited until he had travelled there for that purpose, not caring to address their offer to Pine Hill, N. S.

However, every boy in the Maritime Provinces is born with the prospect of a college presidency ahead of him. The present and the former presidents of Queens, Schurman of Cornell, Dr. Parkin and others came from down by the sea, as now comes President Falconer. They grow them down there and nowhere else in Canada.

No doubt Dr. Falconer is the very man for the position. He is a Canadian, which is an important qualification in the opinion of many; he is about forty years of age, which makes him youthful for such a post, which is another merit; he comes to his task wholly unprejudiced as regards past differences in Toronto University matters. He will have large powers under the new constitution and if he is man enough to use them no doubt he will fill the bill excellently. It may be assumed that the governors after so long a delay, have made no mistake.

MACK.

CALGARY has just passed a by-law to raise \$250,000 to establish a municipal street railway system. The by-law was opposed by the Calgary Herald on the grounds that the city needs sewers, waterworks, good streets and sidewalks more than it needs a street railway, especially as it has a newly-established motor bus service. The ordinance was carried, however, by a vote of 466 to 148. The West is so prosperous it simply can't help spending its money when opportunity offers. It reminds one somewhat of the successful returned miner who buys an automobile and a grand piano for the pure delight of flashing his dust in an approved and spectacular manner. The West laughs at slow old Ontario and the penuriousness of the people of the "cent belt," but it is probably a good thing after all that most of the newspapers beyond the lakes are edited by men from this province who were not brought up to spend money recklessly. These editors also have nerve enough to tell the West that it yet has a lot to learn from the East—that, for example, it is foolish to buy a silk hat before acquiring a disposition to keep one's hair trimmed. The papers right through to the coast have lately contained advice of this sort. For instance the other day the Vancouver Province, in speaking of Vancouver as "a city of youthful promise and possible beauty" introduces this recession comment: "All the time we are conscious of the freckles on Vancouver's youthful reticulate nose. We subconsciously feel that her hair isn't done up in the latest mode and that her shoe laces are not tied." The West is growing big enough and old enough now to read this sort of comment without losing her temper. She should not be in a hurry, however, to do her hair *a la mode* before tying her shoe laces.

LAST year a man in Chicago hit on a good idea in connection with giving his family a summer in the country. He advertised in the press that he would exchange for two months the use of his furnished house in the city for a furnished house near a lake or summer resort in the country. He got eighteen replies. The second place he visited suited exactly: the owner came to town, saw the city house, and was charmed. The families exchanged residences for two months, pronounced it a great success, and will do the same this summer. People who live all the year in the country enjoy a period in the city very much—and here is a plan by which both city and country people can gratify their wishes at little cost.

ON April 27 the Regina Leader, the only morning paper as yet published in Saskatchewan, issued a remarkably fine special spring building number, comprising fifty-six pages and a colored map of the province. The issue reviews the building operations of Regina for the past year, and outlines projected improvements in many directions. It points out that, while the capital city of Saskatchewan has a population of only 7,500, it stands seventh among Canadian cities in the amount expended in building operations last year, being only surpassed by Toronto, Winnipeg, Montreal, Vancouver, Port Arthur and Hamilton, in the order named. In 1906 Regina's building expenditure was \$1,982,330; it is expected to exceed \$3,000,000 in 1907.

Does it Pay to Advertise?

A BACHELOR of slender means,
Who lives in our vicinity,
Saw no immediate prospect of
Annexing his divinity;
And so he rented private rooms,
(Departure rather new for him)
And advertised for some good soul
To wash and cook, and do for him.

He got a treasure of her kind,
With references respectable
Who took his clothes each Monday morn,
With promptness most delectable.
She dropped his collars in the mud
And got his shirt-fronts squashed for him;
'Twas difficult to overlook
The way that woman washed for him.

She fed him up on canned preserves
And potted meats convenient,
But as she weighed two hundred pounds,
She always found him lenient.
Choice bargains in the cereal line
She regularly hooked for him;
It would have made a Stoic wince—
The way that woman cooked for him.

The third condition he had made
Allowed her lots of latitude,
And so she planned a Christmas gift
To demonstrate her gratitude.
She bought a box of "Tough-on-Rats"
With pictures on the lid for him;
He thought it was a dentifrice—
And thus the lady did for him.

REGINALD G. SMELLIE.

Toronto, April '07.

When Sir Gilbert Parker Rises.

SIR GILBERT PARKER, the novelist, is one of the Canadian members of the British House of Commons, and naturally we take an interest in anything appearing in the British press that relates to his public doings. The illustrated weekly, The Bystander, has a writer who goes to Parliament to josh its members, and he gets after the Canadian novelist as follows:

"Talking of 'chasers'—Members whose rising effects an outward clearance of the House—the Prince among these is Sir Gilbert Parker. To see the rush which takes place when he rises to address the House—as, no matter what the topic, or how much he knows about it, he generally does—is one of the sights of London. Members do



The Gentle Art of Emptying the House
Invariable effect of the rising of Sir Gilbert Parker.

not merely peter out gently—as in the case of, say, Sir Frederick Banbury in a speech against time—when Sir Gilbert rises. They run. They gather up their frocks and papers, and fly like a drove of frightened fawn. One might think that a fire or the suffragettes had broken out. Only long after Sir Gilbert has said his last word do the fugitives timidly steal back to their places. And yet Sir Gilbert does not suggest the *genus* bore. A man of gentle beard and kindly hair, of peerless frock-coat and soothing, lulling voice, who is he that he should, by standing up, scatter to the four winds the elected representatives of the Mother of Parliaments? When he rises, and has proceeded for a sentence or so, you are impressed, and you wonder why he has so few listeners. Later, when he has got to the 256th preamble to the introductory section of his speech, and has argued high and low, and also round about him—then . . . you wonder why he has so many."

PROF. CAPPON of Queen's, in the current Quarterly making a few lines of comment on some remarks by W. H. Malloch, says: "In an age of belief saints will work their best for no reward but reverence and the approval of their conscience; in a feudal age a great soldier will be satisfied with little more than military power and glory, but an age whose great characteristic is that of wealth producing must give characteristic rewards to its 'ability.' Even our evangelizing Moody's, Booths, Eddys must be millionaires or half-millionaires."

LORD LISTER, the distinguished English surgeon, celebrated chiefly for his inventions of antiseptic treatments, recently celebrated his eightieth birthday. He is described as the beau-ideal of an English gentleman. The regard in which he is held the world over is voiced in the words employed by Mr. Bayard, a former American Ambassador at London, when making reference some years ago to Lord Lister's work: "My lord, it is not a profession, it is not a nation, it is humanity itself which, with uncovered head, salutes you."

TELEPHONE users in Toronto are being drilled by the girls at "central" in the use of "oh" instead of "naught." The change has just gone into effect, and while the telephone girls have taken to it quickly, a long time will pass before the people at large get used to it. For instance, in calling up SATURDAY NIGHT office you no longer ask for "Main six-six-four-naught," but "Main six-six-four-oh." The change is expected to lessen the frequency with which one gets wrong numbers, for not only does "naught" sound like "eight," but it lacks over the telephone the distinct sound of "oh." This change has succeeded in Montreal, and has been widely adopted in England and the United States.

Believes Canada Will be Independent.

WHEN Mr. Justice Longley of Nova Scotia at a recent public dinner declared his belief that Canada would be an independent nation within the life-time of some present, quite a flutter was created. The editor of "Canada" sent out an enquiry to several public men as to their views on the question. Among the first to reply was Mr. Forster Boulton, M.P., a Canadian in the British Commons. He takes pretty much the same view as Judge Longley.

"I agree with Mr. Longley," he writes, "that the tendency of opinion in Canada is towards independence. Annexation to the United States is out of the question, and Imperial Federation is, so far as I can see, impracticable. Canada has changed wonderfully since I was a schoolboy in Toronto. When I was a law student at Osgoode Hall there was quite a feeling in favor of annexation, but it died out. This feeling had existed for many years, but I should say it was now wholly dead. Imperial Federation has had its day, and I, for one, was, for some years, a believer in the system of a federated Empire resembling the United States of America. But the tariff difficulties, the existence of the House of Lords, the necessities of paving the way, first of all, in



Mr. Forster Boulton, M.P.

Great Britain by altering the constitution so as to permit of Home Rule all round, have convinced me that a Federal Parliament for the Empire is, in this generation at least, out of the question. The present relations between the self-governing colonies and Great Britain are to my mind very satisfactory. The colonies within their borders do as they like. Great Britain pays practically for the defence of the Empire and provides and pays for the consular and diplomatic service in all parts of the world. The colonies get defended for nothing; but, on the other hand, Great Britain would, so far as the self-governing colonies are concerned, be obliged to maintain the same fleets and army if these colonies were independent, so that the self-governing colonies really cost Great Britain nothing to defend. The 'possession' of colonies adds to Britain's prestige in the eyes of the world, but the fact that they 'belong' to Britain does not add much to the dignity of the colonial status. To sum up, the present position is more to the advantage of Britain than it is to Canada or Australia and, as it will shortly be, to South Africa. "It is not to be supposed that the great colonies will long be content with the position of colonies, and of the three alternatives it seems to me that, when a change does come, the most dignified and noble position will be to assume the full status of manhood. Should that time come, I hope the change will be accompanied by a defensive alliance. In the meantime Canada at any rate is doing what she can to provide for her own defence. The building of three great trans-continental railways, the garrisoning of Halifax and Esquimalt, and the increase both in numbers and efficiency of the militia are satisfactory evidence of the growing feeling in Canada of her own strength. The character of the Canadian people is changing from colonial to national, and a vigorous young nation is hastening to join the family of nations and bring to bear upon international affairs the civilization of the Anglo-Saxon."

The Scheme is not Even New.

BLenheim, April, '07.
Editor Saturday Night: I read in your "Front Page" of 27th April of the so called great discovery made by the ash-wizard, John Ellmore of Altona. I cannot see wherein this is any new discovery, for I can well remember when a child that in my native county of Suffolk, England, the coal ashes were always used as fuel by the poor cottagers to eke out their coal. Coal is burned there in open fire-places or grates, and upon these all cooking is done, there being no stoves in use as here. The bottoms of these grates are about six inches above the brick hearth upon which the ashes drop through the bottom grate. After a couple of fire shovels or so of ashes have fallen, sufficient water from the kettle and a handful of common salt are thrown on the pile to make a thick paste; when mixed together with the fire shovel, then it is put on top of the live coals in the grate and they burn well, and this goes on indefinitely—a little coal or coke and ashes; the ashes or fine cinders never being thrown out or screened, only clinkers or slate being thrown out in this, and there are no doubt many in Toronto who have seen the same thing in England. I have also seen it in use in the same manner in the cities of London and Birmingham, and in rural Warwickshire and Staffordshire.

H. DRANE.

A Good Word from a Distant Reader.

ALAJUELA, COSTA RICA, APRIL 16, '07.

Editor Saturday Night: Enclosed please find five dollars (\$5.00) currency for extension of my subscription. SATURDAY NIGHT is the favorite among a considerable number of periodicals that reaches our table, and is always passed on to at least three others all of whom seem to appreciate it as well as myself. Yours sincerely,

W. E. INKSETER.

DR. LORENZ, the Viennese surgeon who visited America some time ago, makes this shrewd observation: "Nothing can convince me that Americans value their time while they think it needful to be present whenever their shoes are blacked."

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THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



MR. D. McNICHOLL
Canadian Pacific Railway

MONTREAL, May 2.
ON a previous occasion I have referred in these columns to the almost unlimited wealth of the Sulpician Order in Montreal. The matter is again called to mind through recent offers for some of their real estate in this city. Bordered on St. James, Notre Dame and St. Francois Xavier streets is a half block of property containing rows of office buildings and a saloon or two, all in a more or less tumble-down condition. In any ordinary city they would be hard to rent at any figure, but in Montreal this is different, for here business men will take anything in the way of quarters, be the neighborhood the correct one. This plot of land contains some 17,000 feet, and four years ago an offer of \$800,000 was received for it, the bidders being no less a corporation than the Mutual Life of New York. This reckons out roughly at nearly \$50 per square foot but the Sulpicians could not see it, though the return in rentals from the property as it now stands would show a very small percentage on such an investment. Previous to the purchase of the old St. Lawrence Hall—lying diagonally across St. James street from the Sulpicians' property—by the Canadian Pacific, this railway's officials had their eyes upon the old tumble-down mass, and made a bid. Just how much is not stated, but it is safe to say that the sum ran well over the \$800,000 mark. Again the Sulpicians refused to sell, and so the C.P.R. went across the street and closed for the St. Lawrence Hall property at \$35 per sq. foot. Ten years ago the average St. James street property was not reckoned to be worth over \$15 per square foot, and indeed well within that time the Imperial Bank bought their present location, corner of St. James and McGill streets and facing Victoria Square, one of the best locations in the neighborhood for \$12 per foot. This property was sold through the late R. A. Mainwaring, who in his day was a well-known real estate man in Toronto. To-day there is many a wealthy man in the city who has since wondered why he did not snap up this property at the figure, for it was months on the market before taken up by the Imperial Bank people. Men and corporations having owned real estate on St. James street five to eight years now reckon that they have doubled their money, and this is probably a conservative estimate, as the latest sales go to prove.

The Bell Telephone Company of Canada have apparently little dread of running foul of the municipal ownership idea in Montreal, or perhaps President Sise and his officers are of the opinion that the best way to counteract such a movement is an advancement in the service. At any rate the company is expending funds right and left in and about the city. The sum to be expended in this city during the coming twelve months is reckoned at \$800,000, while the expenditure throughout the Dominion is put down at \$2,000,000. All of this sum will be utilized for new office, additional wires, instruments, switchboards, etc.

Margin sales on the Montreal Stock Exchange have become a joke. The banks simply will not loan on margin security, and no argument under heaven will at the present make them see the error of their ways. What little business the local brokers are doing, and this is but trifling, is practically on a cash basis.

Old Neil Brodie, probably the most slatternly financier the world ever saw, certainly the worst that Montreal ever experienced, has been gathered to his fathers at the ripe age of eighty. Previously I have had occasion to refer to this man, who lived on garbage and fed out of scavenger barrels, and who dealt in stocks to no small extent. Old Neil, who once upon a time had been a Church of Scotland minister, and who originally came to Canada to avoid the bank stockholders' liability clause in his native country, could buy his thousand shares of stock and pay for them cash down, but still he preferred dining out of a barrel and living in a garret, rather than enjoy any of the bodily comforts of life. Brodie owned a block of houses in the poorer section of the city, and in one of these he had a garret room in which he existed. Frequently he would come into a broker's office, his pockets bulging with coal, old fruit crusts, and bits of stick with which to light his fire. Never in his long life, so far as people knew, had the old man washed himself, and people avoided personal contact with him as they would a wild beast, and indeed he was little better. So far as known Brodie never married, and his relatives, if he has any, are unknown. He was a miser such as one reads of in some old book, a thing to be abhorred and shunned. He had lived a miserable existence for the sole purpose of hoarding wealth, and he was successful. So far as known he had never done anyone a kind action, and now that he is dead no one mourns.

Mr. J. N. Greenshields, K.C., who has probably been interested in more financial deals than any attorney in the Dominion, suffered a heavy loss a few days ago by the burning of his handsome residence on Upper Peel street.

For years Mr. Greenshields had been gathering his treasures about him from every part of the globe, and in one scant hour's time the whole thing went up in smoke, and that during the owner's temporary absence. The number of fires occasioning heavy losses of both life and property, have within the past few months reached the epidemic stage. The Fire Underwriters say that the water system is inadequate, and that the fire brigade is no good. The City Council, on the other hand, say that the fire brigade is fine, and the water system good enough, in spite of the fact that it has the habit of breaking down every few weeks, leaving the citizens insufficiently supplied for cooking and bathing purposes, not to speak of fires. Montreal's citizens are the most patient aggregation of three hundred thousand to be found in the wide, wide world.

Mr. Randolph Macdonald resigns the presidency of the Sovereign Bank, and is succeeded by Mr. Aemilius Jarvis. Mr. Macdonald remains a director.

TORONTO, MAY 2.
ONE of the most uncertain periods of the year is the month of May. Events occurring during this month usually cause disturbances in the money markets, and elements of uncertainty dominate the business world. While the money markets are generally easy in April owing to quieter conditions in commerce, rates stiffen in May. This is due to a large extent to the preparations made for the heavy disbursements of interest on capital. The interest account on Canadian and United States securities held abroad, chiefly in London, is gradually increasing, and the semi-annual payments are largely due in June and December. Borrowing abroad is a temporary expedient, and its evil results are bound to be felt later. The home market is always the best, but of course the expansion in late years in Canada has been so great that available funds were not to be had. Aside from Government and municipal borrowings, private companies and corporations have sold large quantities of their issues to London and foreign capitalists, and the payment of semi-annual interest on these, especially in times of stringent money, produce furies in the market. The labor situation generally makes itself felt in May. A large number of unions discuss the matter of increased pay for labor, and its effect on capital is baneful. Then there are the crops the condition of which receives a great deal of attention in May.

The recession in trade activity which is apparent in some States across the border, is by no means general. The collapse of the boom in stocks has been beneficial to the money market, but as yet it is looked upon with suspicion. Wall Street seems to be the blackest place in the country. Recent visitors to that district from Toronto have returned minus the optimism which they took with them. An exception, however, was Sir Henry M. Pellatt. He is credited with making a substantial loan there, the conditions of which are not public, and his statements convey the impression that the financial situation has turned for the better. The advanced prices of many securities is no doubt the handiwork of manipulators. When the appointed time comes, however, it will be found that railway magnates have foisted upon the public reams of new securities which had to be withdrawn from the market in March.

The breaking of the drought in the western and southwestern section of the winter wheat belt has helped the stock markets within a few days past. There has been a considerable amount of rainfall in places where moisture was greatly needed, and the event produced a sharp decline in the prices of wheat. The rain in this province which was pretty general early in the week, has been of material benefit not only to the farmer but to the manufacturer. The lateness of the season causes some uncertainty, but at this writing the country has been a great gainer by the rains, and prospects greatly improved.

The easier conditions of outside money markets in April were not reflected either in Toronto or Montreal. The situation here to-day apparently is no better than a month ago, although there is a hope that some relief to the severe stringency is near at hand. The opening of navigation at Fort William will be followed by large shipments of grain to the seaboard, and this undoubtedly will be beneficial to our banking interests. Practically no relief has come from that quarter since winter set in, but the release of thirty to thirty-five millions of dollars worth of grain ought to help at least the monetary situation to some extent. Brokers here are still being called for money, but the responses are by no means satisfactory. The commercial loans made by banks in Canada on March 31st aggregate \$612,362,742, which is an increase of \$100,000,000 in twelve months, while call loans on securities in Canada on that date were only \$52,675,000, or a decrease of \$3,300,000 as compared with a year ago. During the same period there was a decrease of \$4,000,000 in call loans made by our banks outside Canada. The liquidation in loans, therefore, has been confined to the market for securities, for the purpose of affording accommodation to trade and commerce. The acuteness of the situation may be judged from the fact that while deposits have increased \$67,300,000 within twelve months, the loans and discounts increased concurrently \$92,700,000. The available cash resources have unfortunately not increased in the same proportion as have liabilities. Cash holdings and investments in bonds and stocks are only \$13,000,000 in excess of a year ago, while call loans, which should be available at any time, have decreased \$7,300,000.

The future of the money markets continues to absorb much interest. The suddenness of the recent change to lower rates in the world's money markets upset all predictions, and it is needless to say that the rates have since gone below the anticipations of those in a position to give an opinion on the matter. The question is, whether the relaxation in the money strain is a mere temporary incident, or whether it means that the tight money episode which began in the autumn of 1905 is definitely ended. The mere fact of a decline in rate determines little. Wall Street's rate for 30-day loans, after commanding 7½ per cent. in April, 1906, went down to 3½ in July, and yet rose to 7 and 8 per cent. in November. The Bank of England rate was 3½ per cent. last September, but went to 6 a month later. In 1890, the same bank reduced its rate, between February and April, from 6 to 3 per cent., but in November it stood at 6 again. Even in the famous year 1872, after putting up the rate to 5 in May, the bank marked it down to 3 in June; yet it got back to 7 in November.

As may have been expected, speculation continues in a rut on the local stock market, with daily dealings not averaging over a thousand shares. On the whole, the tone of the market has been strong, the exceptions being South American securities listed here, they being lower. The March re-

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DIVIDEND NO. 67

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN

That a dividend at the rate of (11 per cent.) eleven per cent. per annum upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared for the quarter ending 30th April, 1907, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Wednesday, the First of May Next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 19th to the 30th April, both days inclusive.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Head Office of the Bank on Wednesday, the 22nd of May, 1907, the chair to be taken at noon.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE,
General Manager.

Toronto, Ont., 26th March, 1907.

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port of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which gave evidences of improvement as compared with February, turned out better than had been expected. The gross earnings of the road for March were \$6,132,000, and the net profits \$2,245,700. This is an increase of \$401,000 as compared with the net earnings of March last year. For the nine months of the fiscal year, net earnings were \$18,001,000, an increase of \$1,496,000 over the corresponding nine months of the previous fiscal year. The stock sells in the neighborhood of 177 as against 156 a year ago. Mackay Companies securities have ruled firmer this week, the common stock selling at 70. A year ago

**Social and Personal**

THE all too short season of grand opera which was such a treat to Toronto musical people last week, took up much of the time on Friday and Saturday; on the latter evening Massey Hall was packed for Toronto's prime favorite, Madame Lillian Nordica, the star. The special with the artists chorus and orchestra arrived late on Friday afternoon, on which day Mrs. Arthur, of Ravenswood, had invited some friends for tea, to meet Madame Nordica, but owing to the lateness of her arrival in town, Nordica did not get to the tea until after six, before which time some of the guests who were attending the opera the same night had to leave without seeing the guest of honor. Friday was also gala day at Glenelgh, Mrs. Nordheimer entertaining at luncheon in honor of Mrs. Clinton of New York, and also giving a young folks' tea for Miss Clinton on the same date. Mrs. and Miss Clinton, who have been for the past fortnight the guests of Mrs. John Cawthra, have been charmingly entertained by their hostess and her friends, and were to have left for their home on Thursday last.

The management of this year's Horse Show have certainly done themselves proud in transforming the vast barren expanse of the St. Lawrence arena into a very bright and pretty place for the show. The plan is like Madison Square Gardens with the entrance and ticket offices from King street, and the entrance and exit for the "gees" at the far end of the ring. The boxes are larger, and everyone has the front row. The tearoom is a dainty little place, accessible from the promenade, and very bright and pretty, with fluted walls of red, white and blue. One misses the handsome mess-room at the armories, but is glad of no stairs to climb. If tea were to be served on trays in the boxes (a la Strolling Players), perhaps it would be a boon to persons disliking a crowd in the restricted limits of Mrs. Houston's enterprise for the benefit of the Humane Society. All sorts of extraordinary notions were afloat earlier in the week about what the new locale would be, but the first glimpse about on entering made everyone exclaim with pleasure, "How very nice!" The gubernatorial box is located midway along the west side of the arena, and the officers from Stanley Barracks have the adjoining loge. Mr. Beardmore has the "first choice" box, or what used to be such, but now remembering the New York "first choice," perhaps some others will be equally well if not better placed. The band is a bit out of the way, as everyone is glad to notice, for it has always been a trial to horse lovers and horse exhibitors to notice the strain on a nervous gee which a rattling band playing just over one part of the track could be. In New York show, Landers' band is poked away off in a high up corner. Quite a number of new parties are in the boxes this year, and there is a wonderful clearance by death and absence of the good old-timers, loyal patrons of the great event. A glance at the death roll recalls the loss of such good sportsmen as Dr. George Peters, Mr. Walter Barwick, Mr. Fred Cox, and others equally regretted, and leaves blanks in place of interested and critical judges of the best in horse flesh. That ardent horse lover Dr. McCoy, of St. Catharines has a large and handsome entry list. Among habitués who will be missed this week are the Benvenuto group of handsome girls, who are in London, making their curtsies to royalty; Miss Melvin-Jones, who is also in London, doing the gaieties of the season with Lady Laurier. By the way, the voyage over was very much enjoyed by some of the party, and all sorts of frolics were arranged. Next week Mrs. Bradney, who has spent the spring with her sister, Mrs. R. A. Smith, Miss Maude Begg, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dixon of Cluny avenue, and several others are sailing for England on the Baltic. There is some talk of Miss Margaret Thomson going over with her sister, Mrs. Bradney, but at time of writing nothing had been settled.

Mrs. Bell, wife of His Honor, Judge Bell of Chatham, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Grant, in Howland avenue, went home on Thursday.

Mrs. MacDowell Thomson is spending some time at Atlantic City and Washington.

Mrs. and Miss Mabey are sailing next week for England on the Virginian. Mrs. and Miss Elsie Thorold went to their home near Stratford this week, to settle their affairs, and are now in Stratford for a short time.

The sudden death of Mr. Frederick George Cox, second son of Hon. George Cox, on Monday night from an attack of pneumonia, at the early age of thirty-nine, was a severe blow to his family and friends. Mr. Cox was a fine stalwart specimen of manhood, a keen man of business and an all-round good citizen. Mrs. Cox was formerly a resident of Woodstock, daughter of Rev. Mr. Swan, who was a victim of the railway tragedy known as the St. George disaster. There are no children to mourn Mr. Cox's untimely death, but to his widow, whose kindly heart and generous nature are so well known, very sincere sympathy flows from every quarter. Mr. and Mrs. Cox were only settled last winter in their fine home in Queen's Park, where their friends were always hospitably and beautifully entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Calderwood's second fine little son was christened in the church of St. Augustine on Sunday, Mr. J. G. Macdonald and Miss Bessie Macdonald being sponsors, and afterwards Mrs. Calderwood had a few intimate friends to drink the little lad's health at 18 Madison avenue. A pretty teatable was centered with daffodils and Marguerites and the birthday cake was supplemented with many other dainties. Mrs. Brydon poured

this issue was quoted at 61½. Twin City is now selling ex-dividend of 1½ per cent., and the price, between 95 and 96, compares with 111 a year ago. Toronto Railway was not affected by the Privy Council decision in its favor. It is quoted at around 107 as against 114 a year ago. Sao Paulo shows some improvement for the week, but it is 14 points lower than a year ago. Rio de Janeiro weaker around 41 as against 46½ a year ago. Mexican Light and Power is 5 points lower at 45, as against 50 a year ago. Canadian General Electric is firmer this week around 131, as against 144 a year ago, and Toronto Electric Light is dull at 145 as against 155 a year ago.

tea, and the two little sons, both sturdy and bright, were petted and made much of. Among those who wished the baby a long and happy life were Miss Mortimer Clark, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan, Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Macdonald, Miss Bessie Macdonald, Mrs. Newbigging, Mrs. and Master Walker Mr. Henry MacMillan, Mr. Jim Macdonald, Mrs. and Miss Wallbridge, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Thompson, and a few others.

Mrs. and Miss Barwick have returned from England. Mrs. Hector Cameron sailed for England this week. Mrs. and Miss Sprague will go later to British Columbia for the summer. Mr. T. G. Robertson is going to England this summer. Mrs. Robertson and her children and Mr. Curtis Williamson are going to Muskoka.

Mrs. Henri Suydam is visiting friends in New York, but will shortly return to Toronto. Since her sister's death Mrs. Suydam has been at the southern seaside. Mr. Harold Suydam is out in Colorado, and will spend a year on a ranch, to completely restore him after his illness of last year.

Among the festivities of race week which are being whispered about, will be a "birthday dinner," on Victoria Day, given by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark at Government House.

The decorations in the St. Lawrence arena have been very sportily and prettily done by the R. Simpson Company. Shields in the form of saddles and stirrups are fastened to each upright along the walls; scores of flags, the horse show blue and yellow very frequently, float from the iron rafters of the open roof. Stands of flags are fastened on the walls, and there is happily no such difficult blank space to make pretty as faced the boxes in the armories, for both sides of the St. Lawrence arena are alike windowed. The boxes are done in yellow and blue and are very comfortable and accessible, and the huge ring is the joy of every Jehu, especially tandem and four-in-hand whips.

Miss Bessie Macdonald gave a small bridge on Tuesday for Mrs. and Miss Clinton of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Walker gave a very pleasant dinner last Friday night, at which His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark were guests of honor. On the same evening the Misses Mortimer Clark and Major and Mrs. Macdonald occupied seats at the opera.

A number of small dinners and luncheons have been on the tapis this week, chiefly bye-bye events for the many travellers sailing for abroad, but some for various charming birds of passage whose presence has brightened social circles for brief periods. On Saturday night after the opera, Mr. and Mrs. Victor Cawthra gave a very smart supper at their home for Madame Nordica, at which Mr. and Mrs. Christie and Mr. and Mrs. McLean were guests beside the family party.

Mrs. John Cawthra gave a bridge on Monday evening for her guests, Mrs. and Miss Clinton.

Mr. Henri of New York is taking his art class to Holland for the summer. Miss Bessie Marsh, who has done such good work, and of whom Mr. Henri speaks most highly, is coming home on a vacation to her people on the first of June. Miss Shore of Toronto is going to Holland with Mr. Henri's class.

The directorate of the Horse Show lunched the judges at the King Edward on Thursday. Owing to the proximity of the fine hotel to the St. Lawrence arena, dinners luncheons and suppers have been quite the thing this week, before and after the great sporting event. It was always rather a rush to get down to supper from the armories, but this year one just takes the jolly meal en passant on one's way home.

Mrs. Barwick of Rosedale entertained at dinner last Thursday evening in honor of Mrs. Robert J. Allan, who has been a guest at the King Edward during the past few weeks. Covers were laid for fourteen. The floral decorations were of violets and jonquils. During the dinner, several vocal selections were rendered by Master Henrick, who is the New York protégé of Mrs. Barwick. Mrs. Robert Allan returned to New York on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Budge, of Port Hope have just returned after a pleasant trip to Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

Among Torontonians recently registered at the Clifton Hotel are Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Cronyn, Mr. Miller Lash, Mr. A. W. Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Bunting, Mr. W. S. Andrews, Mrs. H. H. Macrae, Mrs. J. G. Worts, Miss Emily Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Beatty. Other guests were Mrs. and Miss Morrow of Halifax, Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Cameron and Miss Lemon of Melbourne, Australia.

Miss Florence Carlyle has returned from six months in Europe, spending her time in Italy and Spain. She is at present at her home in Woodstock and later will return to her studio in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Melville P. White have taken up house at 20 Tyndall avenue for the summer.

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For its tonic qualities.

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502 Church St., Toronto

The Sorrows of a Skipper.

"I HATES to think of dyin'," says the skipper to the mate;
"Starvation, shipwrecks, heart disease I loathes to contemplate,
I hates to think of vanities and all the crimes they lead to—"

Then says the mate,
With looks sedate,
"Ye doesn't reely need to."

"To conjer up the happy days which careless has slipped by,
I hates to contemplate the day I ups' and left me Mary"—
Then says the mate,
"Why contemplate,
If it ain't necessary?"

"Suppose that this here vessel," says the skipper with a groan,
"Should lose 'er bearin's, run away, and bump upon a stone;
Suppose, she'd shiver and go down when save ourselves we couldn't—"
The mate replies,
"Oh, blow me eyes!
Suppose, ag'in, she shouldn't?"

"The chances is ag'in us," says the skipper in dismay,
"If fate don't kill us out and out, it gits us all some day,
So many perish of old age, the death-rate must be fearful—"

"Well, says the mate,
"At any rate
We might as well die cheerful."

"I read in them statistic books," the nervous skipper cries,
"That every minute by the clock some feller ups and dies,
I wonder what disease they gits that kills in such a hurry—"

The mate he winks
And says, "I thinks
They mostly dies of worry."

"Of certain things," the skipper sighs, "me conscience won't be rid,
And all the wicked things I done I sure should not have did."

The wrinkles on me inmost soul compel me oft to shiver—"
"Yer soul's fust rate,"
Observes the mate;
"The trouble's with yer liver."

—Wallace Irwin in The Century for May.

Maxime Gorky.

MAXIME GORKY, the well-known Russian novelist, who has been successively a painter of ikons, scultery-boy, gardener, watchman, and baker's apprentice, is said to be in the advanced stages of consumption and living in retirement in Rome. At the camp in the Adirondacks, at which Gorky did much of his writing last summer, he sometimes, says P.T.O., worked for sixteen hours a day, continuing his labors until two or three o'clock in the morning, when his camp-fellows were wrapped in slumber.

The cottage in which he lived and worked was built of logs in the style of a Swiss chalet. It had three stories and about twenty rooms. Gorky had coffee in his study at eight o'clock in the morning, and seldom appeared before one. Then he went to another cottage, where dinner was spread on a piazza commanding a superb view of the Keene Valley and the mountains beyond. Gorky was in manner simple, but formal. He never failed to bow to and shake hands with every one of the company before sitting down to the table. He is a small eater, and talked through most of the meal. The conversation of Maxime Gorky was startling in the wealth of information which it displayed. He seemed familiar with every department of science; he spoke of music and art only as one can who knows them well; he was conversant with philosophy from Plato to Emerson.

The personality of Maxime Gorky is quiet and commanding. On all occasions self-possessed, he is yet modest in the extreme. Usually in the afternoon he went for a walk, but he invariably avoided the roads and took his way across the open pastures into the woods. He always carried with him an insect-net and a basket for mushrooms. When callers came to "Summerbrook" he did not appear unless he was especially asked for. Thus it was only occasionally that anyone not either staying in the camp or invited in to dinner caught a glimpse of him.

His love of music is intense. There was in the camp a young man who was a very talented musician, and every evening Maxime Gorky was near the piano, commenting, enjoying, asking for the music of this or that composer. His nature is kind and sympathetic. His presence is venerable—although he is but thirty-seven years old. During the summer he spoke harshly, he never seemed irritated. Often he was plunged in a deep melancholy over the news he had from Russia.

A Hudson's Bay Route.

THE Hudson's Bay route as one of the great channels of the world's freight traffic is a possibility suggested by A. P. Low, the director of the Geological Survey of Canada, who has recently made an expedition through that region. The success of the western Canadian wheat fields depends, says Bradstreet's, on cheap transportation, preferably by water. The further population penetrates into upper Saskatchewan and Alberta the longer the rail hauls and consequently the slower its development.

All that is needed to open Hudson's Bay to commercial uses is a line of rails to carry freight to one of its ports. At present the Hudson's Bay Company and the Revillon Fur Company have ships that make its small trading ports a few times a year. On the score of distances this Hudson's Bay route has much to offer. Regina, the capital of Saskatchewan and an important town on the Canadian Pacific Railway is just as near Churchill on Hudson's Bay, the point proposed for a port, as it is to Fort William on Lake Superior, and a thousand miles shorter than the distance from Regina to Montreal at the head of sea navigation on the St. Lawrence.

The distance from Churchill to Liverpool is almost the same as that from Montreal to Liverpool. Hence there is a saving of distance of one thousand miles of rail or water carriage in favor of this northern route. Automobiling, it is said, has quickened the market for furs and made the quest of them even more zealous than usual this year. The whale fishery also supports two ships in Hudson's Bay. Flour for use of dwellers at the ports



Cabby (to whom 'cellist has handed a shilling)—
Wot's this, Guv'nor?
Musician—Your fare.
Cabby—My fare? And wot abart the flute?—Punch.

on this waterway now reaches them from Winnipeg by way of Liverpool; but if steel rails were thrown across the plains to Churchill, it would open a direct trade route to the world. Large areas of wood pulp and merchantable spruce would be tapped; iron ores and copper-bearing rocks have also been found in various places, besides a valuable mica mine.

An Old Timer's Reference to Lord Dufferin.

"YES, I met Lord Dufferin several times in Toronto when he was Governor-General, away back in the seventies," says "Old-Timer," in the Vancouver Province, carefully refilling his pipe. "There was a man for you—the best Governor-General Canada ever had, by a long chalk. I was what you may call officially introduced to him, and he asked me a powerful lot of questions. I tell you, that man learnt Canada. He was always enquiring and learning. Why, I found him once in a farmers' hotel down on Front Street east, on market day, sitting down drinking his whisky and water in the smokeroom. Little they guessed it was the Governor-General, and to look at him you wouldn't have thought so yourself. Rough shooting jacket, worn trousers—baggy at the knees—and a shabby hat he wore. There he was talking to them in his plain straightforward way and getting information first hand. They thought he was some prospecting farmer. He stayed at the Queen's Hotel, but there, everybody kept missing him; he would get away by himself and fall into conversation with anybody who could tell him anything about Canada."

"He wasn't after any graft then?"
"Graft? Graft he jiggered. I wish some of these M.P.'s and Senators and Cabinet Ministers could get some notion of what he was, into their scheming heads. Tell you what, it's a pity he can't take a hand in this Imperial Council, he could tell 'em a thing or two. There was a man that knew things. If ever we want to put up any statues in Vancouver let us honor ourselves by having a monument to Lord Dufferin. Why, to think of that man takes the nasty taste of these small-fry politicians out of your mouth."

One of the best demonstrations of the practicability of using liquid fuel (petroleum) to afford motive power to steamships was the recent trip of the British steamship Goldmouth, which recently arrived at Thameshaven after a passage from Balik Pappan, Borneo, a distance of over 12,000 miles, without a stop. The average speed, notes Harper's Weekly, throughout the passage was something over nine knots.

This is the third non-stop run made by this vessel while burning liquid fuel, the first being from Singapore to Rotterdam in 1906, and the second from Singapore to Thameshaven, during the same year, the three runs establishing a record for non-stop runs while using liquid fuel.

The advantages of petroleum as a steamship fuel are asserted to be almost numberless, though the chief ones would appear to be the reduction in bulk and weight of fuel, and the elimination of the necessity for the large number of stokers which a coal-burning steamer must have. That the British Government has considerable faith in the future of the oil-burning marine engine is evinced by the fact that a number of cruisers and torpedo craft are being arranged for liquid-fuel consumption.

It has long been a current saying that none but millionaires could afford to ride in a cab in New York; and although, like many other things, much exaggerated, still it is founded on fact, says The Automobile. In no other city of importance in the world are cab fares so high, and, in consequence, cabs and cab drivers are few. Paris, with a population of 4,000,000 in round numbers, can boast of something like 10,000 cabs constantly in service, while a like number are in storage, according to the season, for the Parisian cab, like the American street car, changes winter and summer. Next to Paris, London is the world's greatest cab centre, but with a population almost twice as great it has fewer cabs. New York is scarcely to be mentioned in the same category with many a city of the third or fourth class where cabs are concerned, for it is doubtful if more than a thousand or two are in regular service.

Mrs. Elizabeth Freeman celebrated her one hundred and thirteenth birthday at her home in Clarion County, Pennsylvania, a few days ago, having lived in the administration of every one of the Presidents of the United States. "Aunt Betty," as she is called by her seven children, fifty-five grandchildren, twenty great grandchildren and three great-great-grandchildren, has been addicted to the tobacco smoking habit for the last ninety years.

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"The Queen of Table Waters"

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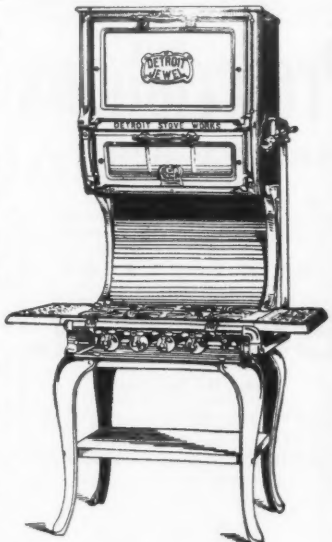
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Store Open Evenings



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The Maid—"W'y?"
The Cook—"Becos ye're both the best ever."

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MAJOR B. W. S. VAN STRAUBENZIE.
Late of South Wales Borderers. Graduate Royal
Military College of Canada, 1883.

Social and Personal.

VERY bright and beautiful was the scene at the opening of the thirteenth annual Horse Show on Wednesday night. May day wasn't quite the bland and balmy thing it should be, but the weather, though cool, was fair and clear, and shortly after eight o'clock the St. Lawrence arena began to look very pretty, with its fresh new decorations, its brilliant lights and its circle of beauties, smartly gowned and gallant by handsome cavaliers. There were many pretty boxes on opening night, but by general consent, the Rathnelly loge took the red ribbon. Senator Kerr, with Mrs. Kerr in a most becoming and modish pink hat and tan gown, with a huge corsage bouquet of lily of the valley on her handsome fur cape, the three fair daughters, Miss Kerr in white with a pale blue turban with roses, Miss Nadine, a bewitching beauty in mauve with large airy mauve hat, and Miss Evelyn, prettiest of girls in her first enjoyment of the Horse Show since her debut, were a family party hard to excel in attraction. Government House box was exceedingly smart, Mrs. Mortimer Clark wore a rich green velvet and very becoming floral bonnet. Miss Mortimer Clark was in pink taffeta with white lace and lace hat, Miss Elise in white and palest blue. A fine bouquet of pink carnations presented to Mrs. Mortimer Clark by the Horse Show people was resting on the ledge, the odorous blooms nodding over the promenaders. The Stanley Barracks box, next on the right, was filled, those in it being Mrs. Hemming, Mrs. Carruthers of Kingston, Mrs. Victor Williams, and Mrs. Ogilvie. The soldier husbands of the Toronto ladies visited the box from time to time. The Premier and Mrs. Whitney and their daughters were across the arena from the gubernatorial loge, and a splendid array of smart people also chose the east side. Passing the pretty little tea-room and flower table under its huge Japanese umbrella, one came to a group of smart women, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. Melford Boulton and Mrs. Vincent Greene, the latter wearing black and white, a large hat of black with facing and plumes of white in which she looked a picture. Further on, Mr. R. A. Smith's box, with Mrs. Smith, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Bradney, each handsomely gowned, Miss Thompson's black hat with huge white ostrich plumes being particularly becoming, and near by, Mr. Hammond's box, where Mrs. Hammond, Mrs. Rene Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. Bogert and Mr. F. Hammond made a handsome group. Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Christie, the lady in one of "the" hats, a huge white circular turn-down with large bouquets of dull pink flowers on each side, under which her dainty features looked their sweetest, Mrs. Willie McLean, Mrs. Willie Lee, and Mrs. Melvin-Jones who was in heliotrope hat and gown, were one box party. Major and Mrs. Gooderham had their dainty daughter and Miss Alexander of Bon Accord, Mr. George Alexander, Dr. and Mrs. Campbell Meyers and some others. A tremendously smart party was Mrs. John Cawthra's, including Mrs. and Miss Clinton of New York. The box was filled and looked one of the most attractive. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dixon's box was soon adorned with a silver cup won by Mrs. Dixon's beautiful saddle horse ridden by Mr. Allen Case. To add to the attraction of this loge, Mrs. Mulock, in a rich fawn gown and becoming pink hat, was Mrs. Dixon's guest. Dr. and Mrs. McCoy of St. Catharines hospitably welcomed several friends to their loge. Mrs. McCoy, who is not quite recovered from recent invalidism, wore a smart black and white check tailored gown and toque with long white ostrich plumes. In Dr. Smith's loge, Mrs. MacMurray looked very pretty, Mrs. Gus Burritt was radiant and Miss Myles, the fiancée of Dr. Dave Smith, sat between his sisters, very daintily gowned. Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Miss Rowand and Miss Dora Rowand were in a loge on the west side. Mrs. Arnoldi, in bright blue and lace and small, smart chapeau to match, and Miss Arnoldi in a wide brimmed hat and pretty gown and wrap, were interested watchers of every event, especially when Miss Marjorie rode. A very dashing and attractive group were Mrs. C. C. James, Mrs. W. R. Riddell and Mrs. E. F. B. Johnston. Mrs. James wore a very beautiful gown and hat, quiet in tone and most becoming. Mrs. Riddell was in white with ermine and plumed white hat, Mrs. Johnston wore a gown of rich tint of madder brown, with square guimpe of yellow lace, and fluffy boa of pleated tulle with an exceedingly smart chapeau. Miss Athol Boulton wore a dark gown and black hat wreathed with white roses. Miss Aimee Falconbridge, who drove one of Crow's tandems, was in a trim dark cloth costume and Derby hat. One of the prettiest little hats was that worn by Mrs. Victor Williams, of white with a cluster of small pink roses on one side and a couple of saucy white upstanding plumes on the other. Among the out-of-town visitors to the show were Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gray of Chatham, Colonel Lessard of Ottawa, Mrs. Francis Hartley, Mr. George Marks of Port Arthur and Mr. Vincent Greene. Mr. Home Smith, Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald, Mrs. Lizars Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Wadsworth, Mr. G. Capron Brooke, Mr. Andrew Darling, Mr. George Sears, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hills, Mr. and Mrs. Wilnot Matthews, Miss Charlie McLeod. The Mayor of Toronto and Mrs. Coatsworth, the Misses Phillips, Mr.

and Mrs. Dwight Turner, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bayne Coulthard, Mr. Justice Riddell, Senator Melvin-Jones, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Colonel Hemming, Captain van Straubenzie, Mr. G. A. Case, Mrs. Angus Gordon, Mr. Bissett, Messrs. Alfred and Torrance Beardmore, Mr. Beardmore of Chudleigh, Miss Beardmore, Mr. and Mrs. Plumb, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet were a few of the hundreds promenading or prominently placed. The dainty little tea and coffee-room did good business, and the flower girls made the circle of the promenade with trays of sweet peas, daffodils and other flowers, which were soon transferred to the buttonholes or corsages of the occupants of the various loges. Tea and coffee was served to parties in the boxes, a feat easy of accomplishment now that the boxes are all in the first row. The Highlanders provided the music on opening night, and the usual address to His Honor from the Horse Show Committee was read by the secretary, Mr. Stewart Houston, and His Honor made a suitable reply, declaring the show open. Judges big and little as usual failed to please everyone, but did their best. Personally, I found the change from the armories to the St. Lawrence arena a very advantageous one, and a great deal of praise was freely given to the excellent arrangements and results achieved by the committee in charge. A great boon is the added space in the boxes and between boxes and reserved seats, as well as the circular promenade.

On Tuesday afternoon a quiet wedding took place at the home of Mrs. C. M. Campbell, 87 Yorkville avenue when her second daughter, Miss Edith Clay Campbell and Mr. George Macdonald Hendry, second son of Mr. W. J. Hendry were married, Rev. John Neil, D.D., performing the ceremony. The bride was escorted to the improvised altar by her brother, Dr. J. F. Campbell of Chicago, and looked very well in a robe des noces of white lace mounted on chiffon and taffeta. Her veil was of tulle over a wreath of orange blossoms and her bouquet of Bride roses and lily-of-the-valley. Miss Roslyn Campbell, sister of the bride, was maid of honor in a pretty dress of pale rose satin and carrying Bridesmaid roses. The pages who acted as ribbon holders, for the passage of the bridal party, were two little nephews of the bride, Clay Campbell and William Angus, who wore smart suits of white broadcloth. Dr. Will Hendry, brother of the groom was best man. Mr. and Mrs. George Hendry have gone South for the *lune de miel*, and carry with them the best wishes of a large circle of friends, who were most generous and happy in their selection of bridal gifts to the popular young couple.

Lady Tilley is at Iverholm, St. George street. Miss Bessie McLean Howard is in Ottawa. The members of the Canadian Club were simply delighted with the speech of Mr. G. T. Blackstock the other day. "Never," said one of them, "have I heard a more graceful opening or a more impressive closing to an address."

The Premier of Canada, Lady Laurier, Miss Melvin-Jones and some others of the Canadian party in England for the Conference are spending this month in Italy. Glowing accounts from them of the festivities in London are finding their way to friends and relatives in Canada. The monster banquet and reception to between one and two thousand guests in Albert Hall was a stunning affair. The decoration of the vast hall included a floral crown suspended from the great dome, from which hung festooned garlands of flowers, the ends of which carried to the standards and arms of the various colonies which were set at intervals around the walls. The beautiful Union Jack carpet was woven for the occasion, and generally speaking, the entertaining in honor of the Colonial Premiers transcends in elegance and grandeur even that *en train* in London at the Coronation, everyone vying with the other to do the distinguished guests all the honor possible.

His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Evelyn Grey are sailing from Canada by the Tunisian next week.

The purchase of Erlescourt, the suburban residence of the Foster family for many years, will obliterate one more of the old-time homes whose traditions of hospitality are cherished by the older circles of society. Major and Mrs. Foster are now, I hear, on their way to Toronto from the Old Land, to arrange for the dismantling of their homestead later on.

The bachelors of Galt gave a very jolly dance last evening in the Assembly Hall in that city.

The engagement of Miss Edith Maulson and Mr. Moray Alexander is announced. They will be married in June.

Last Thursday and Friday, April 25 and 26, Mrs. W. R. Wadsworth, (nee Chrisfield,) held her postnuptial reception at 138 Bedford road. Mrs. C. C. Baines and her daughter, Marguerite, Mrs. Trevor Gwynn, the Misses Wadsworth, sisters-in-law of the hostess, Miss Sprague and Miss Strathly assisted in the drawingroom and at the teatable, which was sunny with yellow tulips.

The Baroness Von Wattenwyl (formerly Miss Ansley of Toronto) has had a visit from the stork and the good bird's gift was a son and heir to the house and title of Von Wattenwyl.

In The Tatler of April 3 is a very beautiful full-page picture of Miss Edith J. Miller, the famous Canadian contralto who has succeeded in making an enviable position for herself in London, England. The King recently heard her sing and afterwards sent for her to be presented to him congratulating her upon her beautiful voice. The picture of Miss Miller is a reproduction of her portrait by Harold Speed, exhibited in last year's Academy.

Dr. W. H. Pepler is in New York where he is doing special post-graduate work at the hospitals.

Mrs. Thomas Rennie, 10 North Sherbourne street, Rosedale, will receive in her new home, Wednesday, May 8, from 4 till 6.30.

Among the stately homes soon to be completed is Mr. Gurney's in Walmer road, the beautiful cut stone residence which looks so well in the prettiest part of that devious thoroughfare.

This evening Miss Kemp, of Castle Frank, is giving a song recital in Conservatory Music Hall, at 8.15 o'clock. Her splendid contralto, trained and developed under that master of the art, George Sweet, of New York, is heard too seldom beyond her own intimate circle.

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Tired eyes are the first indication of trouble brewing—the sight becomes blurred.

Properly prescribed eye-glasses take away the optic strain, thereby strengthening the nervous system.

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We supply
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because they
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Tailor-made Suits - \$25 to \$40
Silk Jumper Suits - 35 to 65
Dressy Wraps - 25 to 125
Lingerie Waists - 3 to 10
Children's Hats, Separate Skirts, and Silk Underskirts.

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Geo. H. Roberts, President

Lord Cromer and His Work

A Sketch of the "Maker of Modern Egypt," One of the Greatest Administrators Living.

FOR nearly thirty years Lord Cromer has been representing the English Government in Egypt; for twenty-three years of that time he has been virtual ruler there. So dependent upon his administration has been the prosperity of the country he governed that the press are voicing the opinion that no one else will quite fill the place left vacant by his resignation. "Nowhere else the world over," declares The New York Evening Post, "has the attempt of a superior race to guide a backward one been on the whole so praiseworthy as this British administration of Egypt under Lord Cromer." And The Washington Times adds in appreciation: "When the Cape-to-Cairo railroad shall have been completed; when the expanding commerce of the Suez route shall have been merged with the tidal wave of the new traffic of the second greatest continent; when the new Alexandria shall have outgrown, as one day it will, the glories of the ancient metropolis; when the new and modern Egypt shall have revived in a new form the greatness of the motherland of ancient civilization—then will the world recognize the genius of Lord Cromer." Similar acknowledgments are found in many other papers the world over. Speaking for the English press, Mr. C. F. Moberly Bell, manager of The London Times, is quoted as follows in The New York Times:

In Evelyn Baring, Lord Cromer, we have, considering the magnitude of the work he has accomplished, certainly the biggest living Englishman. I have known him very intimately since about the year 1877. He then came out to Egypt as English member of the Public Debt Commission. The finances of Egypt at that time necessitated an inquiry which was made by a commission of the powers. Evelyn, then Major Baring, was the English member; and though his name never came prominently forward, it was generally recognized that he was the ruling member of the commission.

Some time afterward he was named English Controller General, the Government of Egypt being then practically in the hands of an English and a French Controller. The French Controller was M. de Blignieres. One heard a great deal of M. de Blignieres, one heard nothing of Major Baring, and yet every one knew while M. de Blignieres was the prominent actor, the real man who pulled the strings was Major Baring.

He then received the offer of the position of Finance Minister in India, which he accepted. A great deal of the future trouble in Egypt was due to his absence at that stormy period. The rebellion of the Egyptian army in 1881, and the occupation of Egypt by British troops in 1882, followed while he was absent and owing to a variety of causes into which it is unnecessary to enter. The state of the country at the end of the year 1883 was little removed from chaos. The authority of the Khedive was gone, and the English were afraid of taking the responsibility of reorganizing the Government.

At this period Major Baring, who had then become Sir Evelyn Baring, was appointed to succeed Sir Edward Malet, and his reign in Egypt commenced from about January 1, 1884. The change was almost immediate. In place of disorganization there was the rapid gathering together into one hand of all the strings of administration. At the same time there was no hurried change, there was no revolution, but little by little he took in hand every single department.

A very free hand was given him, because it was known that if any attempt were made to thwart him he would resign. He reformed every individual department. He obtained men from England. He left the nominal authority to the Khedive and to the Khedive's ministers and assistants, who practically ruled the country under him.

The progress that Egypt has made in these twenty-three years is hardly credible to anyone who did not know the country then and now. I was in Egypt myself only a year ago for the first time in sixteen years, and though I had seen the effect of the first six years of the administration of Lord Cromer, as his title now was, I was completely staggered by the extraordinary changes which had taken place in the sixteen years in which I had been absent.

C.P.R.—New York Central.

To New York. Trains leaving Toronto 9.45 a.m. and 5.20 p.m., reach Grand Central Station at 10 p.m. and 7.50 a.m.



"John! John! Wake up! There's a burglar in the room."
John—Rubbish, Maria! Lie down and go to sleep.—Life.

So She Cried.

Miss Muriel Million was sitting alone,
With a very disconsolate air;
Her fluffy blue tea gown was fastened awry,

And frowsy and rumpled her hair.
"Oh, what is the matter?" I said in alarm,

"I beg you in me to confide;"
But she buried her face in her kerchief of lace,
And she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

"Come out for a spin in the automobile,

The motor boat waits at the pier;
Or let's take a drive in the sunshiny park

Or a canter on horseback, my dear!"
"Twas thus that I coaxed her in loverlike tones

As I tenderly knelt at her side;
But refusing all comfort she pushed me away,

While she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

"Pray whisper, my darling, this terrible woe,

You know I would love you the same
If the millions of papa had vanished in smoke

And you hadn't a cent to your name.
If you came to the church in a garment of rags

I would wed you with rapturous pride."
She nestled her cheek to my shoulder at this,

Though she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

"You know," she exclaimed, in a piteous wail,
"That love of a hat that I wore—
The one with pink roses and chiffon behind

And a fluffy pink feather before?"
I paid Madame Modiste a hundred for that,

And our parlormaid, Flora McBride,
Has got one just like it for three twenty-five;

And she cried and she cried, and she cried.

—Minna Irving in New York Herald.

The chauffeur is a flying animal new to our fauna. Its original habitat is France, but it is hardy, adapts itself to all climates, and multiplies rapidly, so that it now abounds in most parts of the world.

Its habits are as yet undetermined. It flies by night as well as by day, low toward the ground. It does not hibernate, strictly speaking, although it shows some preference for warm regions.

Its reason for killing its prey is still in question. It does not feed upon its prey, but since increase of speed in flight accompanies each death some have supposed that the chauffeur draws vigor in some way from the victims.

The creature is difficult of capture and languishes in confinement, hence owners of rare specimens pay largely to protect them from the perils of capture.

No nest has yet been found nor any immature specimens. The chauffeur first appears full-grown and may be taken in his haunt, the garage, about which they settle in flocks.—The Naturalist.

My brother Henry was six months old at that time, writes Mark Twain in his autobiography. I used to remember his walking into a fire outdoors when he was a week old. It was remarkable in me to remember a thing like that, which occurred when I was so young. And it was still more remarkable that I should cling to the delusion, for thirty years, that I did remember it—for of course it never happened; he would not have been able to walk at that age. If I had stopped to reflect I should not have burdened my memory with that impossible rubbish so long. It is believed by many people that an impression deposited in a child's memory within the first two years of its

life cannot remain there five years, but that is an error. The incident of Benvenuto Cellini and the salamander must be accepted as authentic and trustworthy; and then that remarkable and indisputable instance in the experience of Helen Keller—however, I will speak of that at another time. For many years I believed that I remembered helping my grandfather drink his whisky toddy when I was six weeks old, but I do not tell about that any more, now; I am grown old and my memory is not as active as it used to be. When I was younger I could remember anything; whether it had happened or not; but my faculties are decaying now, and soon I shall be so I cannot remember any but the things that happened. It is sad to go to pieces like this, but we all have to do it.—North American Review.

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the fat engineer. "A queer thing happened to me about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody hurt, either, wouldn't you? Well I did, and I almost cry every time I think of it."

"I was running along one afternoon pretty lively, when I approached a little village where the tracks cut to the street. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl, no more than three years old, toddled onto the tracks. You can't even imagine my feelings. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop, or even slack much, at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over, and after reversing and applying the brake, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more."

"As we slowed down, my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I stopped for, when he laughed and shouted to me, 'Jim, look here!' I looked, and there was a big, black Newfoundland dog holding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny and kept laughing, but I cried like a woman. I just couldn't help it. I had a little girl of my own at home!"—Boston Budget.

"Yes, that Spitzmeyer is a clever fellow. You know that he deals in all kinds of goods—typewriters, gramophones, automobiles, conversation books, and, of course, he is an insurance agent as well. Not long ago I introduced him to a lady who is married to an Indian. What did Spitzmeyer do? He told the lady of the Indian custom of burning widows, and then persuaded her to insure herself against fire!"—Translated from Fliegende Blaetter.

Saint-Saens, the French composer, during his visit to Chicago made a brief address on America at a dinner party. "The American business spirit," he said in the course of this address, "is an excellent thing. To it, undoubtedly, America's unexampled prosperity is due. But I think that this spirit is sometimes carried too far. For instance, in a hotel barber shop yesterday I asked the barber if he had ever heard a certain celebrated pianist. 'No sir,' he replied emphatically. 'These pianists never patronize me and so I never patronize them.'"

As Good as Champagne.

Many hostesses, in entertaining, feel that they cannot afford champagne, and it is these that this advice is given gratuitously.

Get some good Scotch or rye whisky, place some quart bottles of Radnor Water on the ice for several hours before uncorking, place rye and Scotch in different claret jugs, filling up with Radnor Water.

The mixtures served in thin hock or claret glasses will be just as much appreciated as champagne.

Spring and Summer Dresses for Girls

A splendid showing now ready in an enlarged department on the first floor



A FEW years ago and mothers either made their daughters' dresses or engaged a seamstress to do it for them, all of which meant more or less worry and considerable expense. Nowadays, mothers who know come to this store for the girls' complete outfitting, eliminating the disagreeable features of home planning and sewing, besides saving fully a third of the cost. That's where the Simpson organization comes in. For instance, we offer:

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Girls' Dresses, fine white lawn, all-over embroidery yoke, double flounce skirt, trimmings of embroidery, beadings and ribbon, and frills of lawn, with Valenciennes lace edges. Sizes 6 to 14 years. **\$2.50.**

Girls' Dresses, fine navy blue print, with white polka dot patterns, choice of sailor suit or Buster Brown styles, extra wide, full skirts, perfectly fast colors. Sizes 6 to 14 years. **\$1.00 each.**

Girls' Dresses, suspender style, with white lawn guimp, fine Scotch chambray, in colors, ox-blood, blue or green, trimmed with tucks and white braid piping, embroidery insertions and dainty Val lace frills on neck and cuffs. Sizes 6 to 14 years. **\$2.50.**

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SPORTING COMMENT

the wolves were seen in pursuit of the deer over the ice, and the bear was discovered rooting vigorously under a fallen log in an endeavor to dislodge the porcupine, who preferred to stand pat.

SOME new rules have been put into effect at the Lambton Golf and Country Club this season by the green's committee. Residents of Toronto, not members of the club, cannot be introduced for playing privileges on public holidays or Saturday afternoons. This rule has been made necessary by the increased membership of the club. Another new rule is to the effect that residents of Toronto when introduced for playing privileges must play with the members introducing them. No doubt this rule is meant to serve a purpose similar to the other, preventing a too general and "regardless" introduction of visitors.

GOLFERS at the local clubs have been so long fortunate in having plenty of room, that they consider a course crowded, when players with experience in other parts of the world, would not so regard it. How often one sees a pair of players come out to the first tee at one of the local clubs, and finding two or three pair ahead of them, look bored, and agree to "start at the tenth." On our good courses conditions will get worse and never better. A man cannot expect to find the whole course at his disposal the moment he is ready to play. He should expect to wait and fit in when his turn comes, and the man is wise who learns how to wait without fretting and working up a "state of nerves."

The wise player will also learn to wait at a tee on the way around, without growling because somebody ahead is delaying the game. It is unreasonable to expect in a large club, that a pair of players can get away from the first tee and play all the way around our eighteen hole course without being delayed even for a moment by anybody. A player cannot own the course and membership does not entitle him to have it all at his disposal no matter how rapidly he plays. If he forms the habit of impatience he does his game lasting injury. He must learn to wait with good humor.

Two players, who find that they are not keeping up to the men ahead of them while those behind are crowding close are forced at times to stand and wait, should not want to be asked by those behind for permission to go through. They should invite the following pair to pass them, and, what is usually forgotten on these occasions, they should cease play until those passing through have got completely out of range. When a couple goes through by invitation, by request, or by right, they are entitled to go all the way through, without the others playing at all. One rule of golf seems very little known on the local links. There are times when one pair can claim a right to go through—that is when the pair ahead are playing so slowly that they have fallen a hole behind the players ahead of them. This is but a just rule, for it is not desirable that one hole should have nobody playing it while the next of the course may be crowded. On the other hand, fast players often ask too much consideration, and expect to be allowed to go through merely because they play faster than the couple ahead of them. They have no right, legal or moral, to go through when those ahead of them are keeping up with the field. On all these points most golfers need to do some thinking, and neither expect from those ahead nor withhold from those behind, anything except that which is just.

The rules and traditions of golf are extremely equitable and are worthy of study. They are based on experience, long and varied, and seem to cover with singular efficiency almost every possible contingency.

Here is a Spanish eulogy of the King, translated from El Liberal, Madrid: King Edward is a man who has the faculty of enlisting the sympathy of the most distinct peoples. He has accumulated a variety of experiences, has a practical philosophy of life, and a good understanding. The universe was his school, the Sovereigns and statesmen not only of England but of all Europe have been his professors. In contact with men he has learned to know humanity.

Alice—How did you come to meet your second husband, Grace?
Grace—It was merely accidental. He ran over my first one with an automobile, and afterward attended the funeral.—Smart Set.

Waterlust.

The highways and the byways, the kind sky folding all,
And never a care to drag me back and never a voice to call;
Only the call of the long white road to the far horizon's wall.

The glad seas and the mad seas, the seas on a night of June,
And never a hand to beckon back from the path of the new-lit moon;
Never a night that lasts too long or a dawn that breaks too soon!

The shrill breeze and the hill breeze, the sea breeze fierce and bold,
And never a breeze that gives the lie to a tale that a breeze has told;
Always the tale of the strange and new in the countries strange and old.

The lone trail and the known trail, the trail you must take on trust,
And never a trail without a grave where a wanderer's bones are thrust—
Never a look or a turning back till the dust shall claim the dust!
—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, in American Magazine.

Why He Sold the Auto.

FOR the first time in six months Mr. Elmer Jurgins, on two consecutive mornings walked to the railway station. As he went, men turned to stare at him, women pointed at him out of the windows, and even the small dogs seemed to take delight in barking at him. At the station his arrival created a mild stir and on the second morning a group of his fellow citizens gathered about him.

"Mr. Jurgins," said the spokesman, "why do you walk to the depot in this humble fashion? Where is your automobile?"

"Sold it," said Jurgins, shortly. "Going to get a larger one?"

"No, sir; I'm done with 'em." A murmur of surprise ran through the group.

"Cost too much?" inquired the spokesman.

"Not at all. It was not very expensive to buy, and it was cheap to run. It was not the automobile that I kept, but keeping an automobile, which was expensive."

Some one asked for an explanation. "Well, gentlemen," said Jurgins, "six months ago every man in this town called me 'Jurg,' was glad to walk with me and swap yarns, moved up to give me half his seat in the car, and seemed generally satisfied with me. Blinks, the grocer, knocked off a little on my bill now and then and gave my boy a bag of candy when I settled with him."

"Toomy gave me two thousand pounds of coal in a ton, and never sent a bill for it until I asked him what I owed him."

"I hired your boy, Billings, for ten cents an hour to cut my grass and do chores. I used to do most of them myself, in the evening."

"My wife could buy ten yards of goods and cut a dress, hire Nancy Cook for two dollars a day to sew it together, and fit it, and be as well dressed as the rest of the women here. And when there was tennis, croquet or golf, no one in town was more likely to be asked to take a hand than my wife and I."

"Then I bought that automobile. 'For at least four months no man in town has called me anything but 'Mr. Jurgins.'"

"Blinks adds a little to every bill because he thinks I can afford it. 'Toomy cuts the weight short and demands cash."

"Nancy Cook is only a seamstress when she sews for your wives. When mine wants her she is a modiste at five dollars a day, and requires fifteen yards of goods."

"Billings' boy won't work for me at all, since he no longer considers it a neighborhood service, and I have to get a man at thirty cents an hour—and he has to do everything."

"My milk costs me a cent a quart more, and I haven't been asked to play tennis, golf, baseball or croquet once this summer."

"No, gentlemen. I could buy an automobile, buy gasoline for it and hire repairs made if necessary, but I can't afford to keep the automobile in the town I live in and let it be known that I own it."

"Boys, I am no longer 'Mr. Jurgins' the automobilist, I am 'Jurg' again, old 'Jurg' henceforth and forevermore."

As the train pulled in there was a rush by each commuter to secure a whole seat, one half of which he

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Little Mabel—"Aunt Mary, if you met a lady, you weren't speakin' to, what would you do?" "I'd pass by without looking at her." "But supposin' she stuck her tongue out an' said 'skiddoo'?"—Life.

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THE PROGRESS OF A TENDERFOOT

By Charles Lewis Shaw

THE time-expired mounted policeman of the far west twenty or twenty-five years ago gravitated as a matter of course into ranching. In time he became many things in the evolution of western life and of varying business conditions, but the majority took a preliminary canter on a ranch before entering the great handicap, open to all comers, the tedious business of life work.

Jack Pelham, true to a taste inherited from generations of fox-hunting forbears, strengthened by three years of cavalry life in which the companionship of horses became second nature "took up" a ranch.

It was more than sentiment and the following line of least resistance that influenced so many ex-mounted policemen to become practically the pioneers of mixed farming in the far west in the early days of white settlement.

Long before immigration literature, government reports and agricultural newspapers had pointed out the desirability and advantages of mixed farming in Western Canada, the Northwest Mounted Policeman in his varied duties through the extensive journeyings to and fro, by the conversations around the bivouac campfire, in his intercourse with white and red, and by the watchfulness of the spectator who sees the wonderful game of the west played on a horizon bound field, had cause to know that the part of that game that offered the best assurances of success to the country and the individual, was mixed farming.

That the ex-cavalryman was frequently unsuccessful in so far as the accumulation of this world's goods is concerned is unquestionably true, but that he had clearness of vision and practical knowledge of western possibilities as to mixed farming, are evidences that his military duties and barracks and camp-fire habits did not affect his judgment, even if his training made him dissatisfied afterwards with the loneliness of ranch or farm life, and begat in him a dislike of hum-drum, ceaseless and systematic endeavor in prosaic toil.

The landed estate idea of the old country gentleman was not dead in Jack Pelham when he left the force in the middle eighties of last century, and the love of horses was stronger than ever, so naturally the half section he "took up" as a homestead and pre-emption at Clover Bar was more of a ranch than a farm.

The freedom of the new life, with its new interests and the sense of proprietorship and its business possibilities caused him to bear the loneliness of the great lone land with comparative complacency, but before the breaking up of the second winter had come there began to creep into his heart and brain the vague longing for the communion of his kind.

He would look out from the little shack away from barn and corral over the great snow-covered world about him, and watch the smoke of the home-like farm-house of his nearest neighbor rise against the blue sky miles away, with a vague longing for companionship inherent in man. As the sun grew warmer and the tiny rivulets began to trickle by the trail when the anemone peeped from under its bed-clothes of snow, he would sit as the great glowing western sun would go down in gorgeous glory by the rushing waters of the Saskatchewan that flowed a few yards from his shack door, and his heart would go out with the old vague longing of a lonely man to the sweet-faced brown-eyed, incisive-voiced Canadian girl that was the daughter of that nearest neighbor.

The Canadian girl knew Pelham with the perception of her sex and the shrewdness of the practical west.

A good-looking, broad-shouldered young Englishman with a softly modulated voice, and the courteous tricks of manner of his class, were dangerous to the peace of mind of a heart-whole girl who understood that bread and butter would form as essential a factor of the happiness of life's journey as kisses. What with the attitude of reserve on the part of the maiden and the innate bashfulness of the Englishman the relationship between the two had not proceeded beyond a couple of dances at a bachelors' ball in Edmonton, chance meetings on horseback, and the neighborly calls of the Great Lone Land of a quarter of a century ago. But the spark of love sprang quickly into flame in those early days on the manly life of the Saskatchewan, where the arrival of a marriageable woman would cause a sensation through a

district as large as a European kingdom, when two dances with the same partner in one evening begat in the lonely homesick heart of a young bachelor an exultation that lasted for weeks and made him an object of envy to his fellows during a long drawn out winter.

Jack Pelham little knew, when building air castles on the banks of the Saskatchewan, how unimportant were the schemes and plans for the future he formed over his pipe, and how inconsiderable a factor his perusal of agricultural literature and stock pamphlets would form in the direction of his future life.

In the few moments that Miss Mary as the half dozen children of the little school of the settlement, where she was the idolized, uncertificated teacher called her, would occasionally spare from the three R's, from the household duties of her widowed father's home and from the supervision of the conduct of roystering, good-natured dissipating brothers to consider the kindly light in the blue eyes of her good-looking neighbor, the tremble in his quiet voice, his big strong brown hands, his broad back and his horseman's skill, more was done to settle the future career of Jack Pelham, than all other events of his thirty years of manhood crowded together.

And Miss Mary, maidenlike, was not sure. This was the way they both found out.

The summer had been hot and September comparatively rainless. The stubble of the wheat fields was yellow and shrivelled, and the wild grass of the prairies was dry as tinder. Hay was a short crop that year, and Pelham had gone on the far, low part of his land to cut on a dried-up slough some prairie hay that would supplement his scanty store of timothy.

Small prairie fires of varying size and danger had dotted the horizon for days and a blue haze of smoke pervaded the air.

The afternoon waned, the wind rose in fitful gusts, presaging a storm, and Pelham noticed that the smoke-laden air became denser, the fires brighter and nearer. He knew the west too well not to know the dangers at that time of year of prairie fires. He noticed the direction of the rising wind, but was only slightly perturbed. The few scattered farmers and ranchers were well aware of the conditions and prepared for emergencies, not only as to the preservation of their farm-houses and barns, but also of escape if the situation became desperate.

The situation was one merely of passing mental worry and present physical annoyance, as the smoky air penetrated his lungs and caused his eyes to smart, when in a flash his mind recalled the words of Miss Mary at the church last Sunday.

"I am going to ride down to Fort Saskatchewan next Saturday morning and back in the afternoon. You ranchers are not the only ones in this country who can ride."

The scythe dropped from his hands and he stepped quickly to the spot where his horse was tethered.

When bridle had been buckled and saddle cinched Pelham noted that the wind had risen with the dying of the day, and that where mere streaks of flame shone and flickered at intervals along the horizon to the south there were now long stretches of flames, and the gaps between them were few and quickly lessening.

He knew that fires were burning on both sides of the Fort Saskatchewan trail for miles, and that if the wind rose, as it would with the increasing, fast-spreading flames, that the fires would join and the trail become the passage to death for return would be impossible, as the direction of the wind indicated that within an hour the trail would be swept in places by the fires.

Pelham felt as he cantered on with eyes strained through the thickening clouds of smoke in the direction of Fort Saskatchewan that it was well that he had the best broncho he owned between his knees. Faster and faster he pressed the sturdy-built horse along the narrowing channel between the fires, and anxiously and more anxiously he peered through the gathering smoke clouds.

They met. No words were spoken as he quickly turned his horse, and side by side their bronchos stretched into the long, steady lope that the western horse untrillingly keeps up for hours.

Miss Mary's face was pale, for well the western girl realized the danger, but Pelham could see that the long ride was bringing exhaustion, and the nervous strain was tense. On and on they went, and the lope grew into a gallop as the channel ahead grew narrower and narrower. Hotter and hotter grew the smoky air that

rushed into their faces. Not a word was spoken, for the sound of the crackling roar of the fire would have prevented audible speech if the thud of hoofs and the danger of the situation had permitted the attempt.

"On! On! Faster! Faster!" shouted Pelham, as the glowing cinders of the fire which seemed to envelop them on every side flew about them. His stronger, fresher horse sprang in the lead in response to the bite of the spur. Miss Mary's pony struggled gamely to keep up. Down fell her whip again and again on its heaving flanks, but deeper and quicker grew the gasps of suffocating smoke from choking lungs, and Pelham had to slacken the pace to keep by her side.

"Faster! Faster!" he yelled, as a rushing stream of flame caught a sweep of tall grass and brush and seemed as if about to leap upon them, but slower and slower labored and more labored became its strides, and its gallop became a staggering amble, and then, with wide-spread forefeet, wide-opened mouth and heaving sides it came to a full stop on the trail, then swayed to and fro slightly, and before the gallant little brute dropped Pelham had swung the woman he loved to the saddle before him.

Bravely the doubly-burdened horse galloped on with slower strides through the smoke and flying cinders. The wind, now approaching a hurricane of scorching breath, was suffocating in its acrid density. The sweat poured from the struggling horse, and burning brands and tufts of grass flew into the faces of the riders. With bridle clenched between his teeth the ex-cavalryman tore his coat from his back, and threw it over the head, face and shoulders of Miss Mary.

A mile ahead was the high-cut bank of the Saskatchewan. Neither horse nor man could live through that mile of scorching hell, for the gallant broncho was already showing signs of exhaustion, of his terrible struggle.

The resourcefulness of love, or of the life that he had led as a red-coated rider of the plains, helped Pelham now. They were close to his meadow of beaver hay close to the spot where he had cut and raked a broad sweep of prairie, and in the centre of that sweep was the last pool of the miniature lake of the springtime, the slough of mid-summer. He swung his horse's head from the trail and with a dozen bounds over the blackened, burning sod they were beside the pool, and Miss Mary had leaped tremblingly to the ground.

Pelham sat silently in the saddle for half a minute and then swayed heavily to the ground in a dead faint.

A few minutes afterwards he looked up aroused by the cool water dabbled on his burned and seared face by the woman he had saved, and the dazed look in his blood-shot eyes deepened.

"Mary, do you know I love you?"

"Oh! yes. I have known that for a long time," and the black smudges on the pretty face did not conceal the blushes. "But I didn't know until a few minutes ago, when you were lying there, nearly burned to death, that—that—that—"

Times Change.

When Jones was just a struggling youth,

Their standing to assure
The neighbors all looked down on him
Because he was so poor.

The old patched coat, the tattered shirt,
Brought forth the jibe and jeer;
And village wits upon him played
With merry taunt and sneer.

Times changed, the wealth of Jones increased
Until he rolled in gold;
With autos, yachts and private cars
Surpassing dreams untold.

Then to the village he returned.

Alas, he found a hitch.
The style was to look down on him
Because he was so rich.

—New York Sun.

Wedding Trips for June.

Where to go is often hard to decide. It can be made easy by consulting a specialist who can offer suggestions for a trip, according to your time or pocket book. Rail, lake, river, canoe, mountain, sea-shore or woodland trips, as your inclination may be. Start right by interviewing the experienced passenger agent of the Grand Trunk Railway System, C. E. Horning, northwest corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

Strap-Hanger—There! I went and gave my seat to that pretty woman, and now she's flirting with the man next to her, who never moved!—Megendorfer Blatter.

York Springs Water


will do your wife more good than medicine—and yet there is nothing medicinal about it. Few women drink enough pure water—the body needs ten glasses a day—less will not cleanse the system of its waste. Too little water causes indigestion, constipation, bad blood, nervousness—common ills with women. Needless ills, because drinking pure water will mostly prevent them. Women like York Springs Water because it is crisp and zestful to the palate, and entirely without the salty taste common to most bottled waters. Any dealer who discriminates can supply you with

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M. BEETHAM & SON, Cheltenham, ENGLAND.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT, LIMITED, Proprietors.

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Vol. 20. TORONTO, CANADA, MAY 4, 1907. No. 29

Points About People

REV. J. D. MORROW, recently inducted as pastor of St. Mark's Presbyterian Church, Toronto, although still a young man, is regarded as the father of field sports in city Y.M.C.A. circles. He was one of the fastest sprinters that ever wore a running shoe and his example and coaching did much to popularize outdoor athletics in the west end.



REV. J. D. MORROW.
Photo by McVey

One evening he met a running mate who was a policeman, and the latter was big with interest and information. "Say, Morrow," he said excitedly, "I think I've got a man who can run away from you. You won't have a look in with him. I never saw a chap who could run so fast. You'll have to lower your colors."

"What's he like?" asked the other. "Where does he hang out?"

"I don't know his name," said the policeman, "for I couldn't catch him. You see, he's just a tramp; a regular bum. He was so tough, and was saying things to me, that I started to run him in, but—"

And the guardian of the peace waved his hand at a terrific rate in order to describe the pace of the great unknown.

"You just fetch him to me, if you can find him," remarked Morrow, "and I'll give him a tryout at his own distance."

The tramp never turned up for the match; and small wonder, for it was Morrow himself who but a brief half hour before had donned the disguise, and had led his friend in blue the merry race around the block.

EVERY member of the House of Commons and all the officials find the prorogation of Parliament very welcome; to none is it more so than to the Speaker and his Deputy. On the day when His Excellency relieves the representatives of the people of their legislative duties the Speakers must feel like schoolmasters when the long recess has come. The weary nights of listening to dull talk have come to an end, and the task of maintaining order among bad-tempered, wrangling politicians is laid aside for easier employment. The Speaker and his Deputy must have drawn a long breath of relief when the other day they said *au revoir* to a House of Commons which, although it may not be remembered for its ability, has certainly established a record for bitter wrangling of a rather low order.

The Hon. R. F. Sutherland has now presided over the House of Commons three sessions, and even the gentlemen to his left will admit that he has done so with ability and fairness. Perhaps at times he has been a little lax and has allowed too wide a scope to personalities and then been unduly severe and invoked the cast-iron rule of the book when the violation of the decorum of the House was comparatively light, but on the whole he has kept his two hundred and thirteen fellow members pretty well within the rules of the parliamentary game. Mr. Sutherland's face is certainly not that of a severe man. It is bright and intellectual, kind and cheerful, but scarcely that of a man who would delight in "calling down" a fellow member on points of order. He would much rather have the debate go on smoothly than have an opportunity of displaying his firmness and his knowledge of parliamentary practice. There have been but few Speakers whose appearance in the chair is finer or more impressive. His abundant locks of steel grey add almost as much dignity to his face as does the long wig worn by the Speaker of the British House. His black silk robe, his three-cornered hat, his white gloves, all become him

well. He looks every inch the "first commoner" of the Dominion.

Although not a remarkably robust man, Mr. Sutherland bears well the burden of his official duties, due no doubt in large measure to the outdoor exercise to which he devotes when in Ottawa all his spare hours. He is a good walker, and every forenoon in storm and in sunshine he may be seen walking with remarkably long strides about the spacious grounds of Parliament Hill.

THE Deputy Speaker, Charles Marcell, member for Bonaventure, is an old newspaper man—not particularly old in years, although his hair is quite grey but old in service, for he began to "make copy" when little more than a boy. He began under one of the "old masters," the late Hon. Thomas White, for many years editor of the Montreal Gazette, and who at the time of his death was member for Cardwell and Minister of the Interior. At about the time he began to write for the press Mr. Marcell began to make political speeches, and it was soon observed that he did both exceedingly well. As a newspaper man his forte was the gathering of political news. He soon knew everybody of importance in his native province connected with the game of politics, and with nearly every one he was in good terms. He had only to be turned loose on St. James street for an hour or two and he had the material for a column or two of bright, chatty political news. Both languages are alike to him, and although his name is French, English is his mother-tongue, for on the maternal side he comes from a good old Irish family.

Mr. Marcell is exactly seven years older than Confederation, having been born at St. Scholastique, Que., on July 1st, 1860. When a youth he attended Ottawa College; then he came to Montreal and began his career as a journalist. About twenty years later he returned to Ottawa with a seat in Parliament. As is the case with most public men success came to him after several defeats. He first tried his fortunes in provincial politics, opposing Hon. E. J. Flynn, then Prime Minister of Quebec, in Gaspe, but on a recount Mr. Marcell lost by ten votes. A few months later he ran in the Magdalen Island and lost again. But his time came. He was offered the Liberal candidature in Bonaventure, and in 1900 the people of that county sent him to the House of Commons, re-electing him in 1904.

He is known in many parts of Canada as a most pleasing platform speaker, fluent, graceful and very effective. Of course as Deputy Speaker he has had of late but little opportunity of displaying his oratorical gifts, but no doubt they will yet be used in the service of his party. There is probably no other member with so many friends in the House as Mr. Marcell possesses. They sit both to his right and to his left, and they have been won by his fairness, his geniality and his fine spirit of good-fellowship. "Charley" Marcell has political opponents, but no personal enemies.

THERE is a lady who formerly lived in Toronto who tells an amusing story about the visit of the late Oscar Wilde to the city of Toronto. When she was a little girl in the early eighties she had the run of the Queen's Hotel, which was the hostel at which all the celebrities who came to town found food and lodging. She had an autograph album, as was the fashion with the little girls of twenty-five years ago, and she was inordinately enterprising in filling it with sentiments and signatures. When Oscar Wilde came to town on his mission of culture, she resolved to have his name in her book, although she knew nothing of Ruskin and William Morris, and had no theories on art whatever.



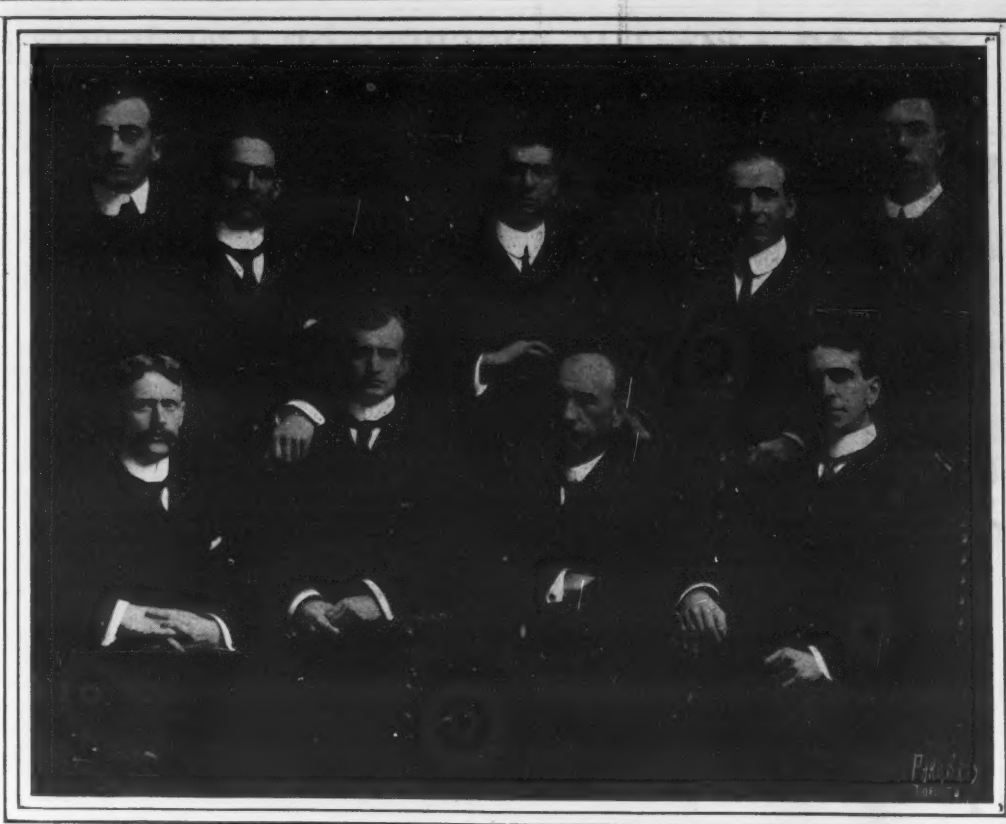
The clerk of the Queen's in those days knew her well, and when she asked him to get Mr. Wilde's autograph for her, he laughed, and sent a message up to the aesthete that Miss Montgomery (this name will do as well as the real one) wished to see him. A favorable reply came down, and a bell-boy was sent to escort Miss Montgomery, who was a particularly scraggy little girl with long limbs and enquiring eyes, to the "Red Parlor." Oscar Wilde had evidently been expecting a poetess or something of that sort, for when in answer to his beautiful modulated permission to enter the scraggy little girl was ushered in he was found posed against the mantel with a flowing velvet cloak draped over his shoulder and wearing the aesthetic costume he made famous. When he recovered from his surprise he was master of the situation, however, and tried to make the awe-struck youngster feel at home. He elicited from her the cause of her visit, and professing himself flattered, wrote his name in her album in beautiful script.

"Now, my child," he asked, "what are your favorite studies?"

This particular little girl had no favorite studies. In



The Late Fred. G. Cox, of Toronto.
President of the Provident Investment Company and Vice-President of Central Canada Loan & Savings Co., who died of pneumonia early Tuesday morning at his residence in Queen's Park. He was second son of Hon. George A. Cox.



T. B. WINTER, Trinity.
C. F. LOGAN, Victoria.
M. ARNOLD, Dentals.

J. E. GIBSON, Wycliffe.
PROF. BAKER, President.
C. R. PHILP, Medicine.

J. E. THOMPSON, Knox.
S. M. EASTMAN, University College.
J. LAING, S. P. S.

Executive of the Undergraduate Parliament 1906-7

The Executive Committee of the Undergraduate Parliament have been recognized by the Board of Governors of Toronto University, as the official means of communication between the students and the Board, as provided for in the University Act of 1906.

fact all were equally onerous. She fidgetted, trying to think of an answer.

"Have you no favorite study?" he asked with some concern.

The little girl gulped. She had thought of an answer. "Rithmetic," she blurted out, red in the face.

A look of disillusionment and pain passed over the mobile countenance of Oscar Wilde.

"Oh! my child," he murmured, "you should study history and literature. They will give you thoughts and ideals. And now, little girl, perhaps you have a favorite flower. Tell me about the flowers you like best."

Again the maiden was at a loss. She had never stopped to consider the question of selection in the matter of flowers.

"Have you no favorite flower?" queried the apostle of culture.

Again she found an answer.

"Geraniums!" she gulped.

This was too much for Wilde. He laughed, and then said: "The geranium is not a poetic flower!" Taking up a great bunch of white lilies he said: "Consider the lilies, my child, study them; they are beautiful, and remember some day that Oscar Wilde gave them to you."

R. A. BONNAR, of Winnipeg, the leading criminal lawyer of Western Canada, caused a startling sensation in legal circles last week by withdrawing from the prosecution of the famous "grain conspiracy case" because of a sharp reprimand from the sitting judge, Mr. Justice Phippin, one of the members of the recently appointed Appeal Court of Manitoba. Mr. Bonnar was retained as Crown prosecutor in the case and the preliminary hearing at the police court during the past winter occupied many weeks, but according to the ruling of the magistrate, failed to secure any startling evidence of a conspiracy, but, nevertheless, the case was sent up for trial before a Judge. As is his habit when dealing with witnesses in criminal cases, Mr. Bonnar attempted somewhat to crowd a witness and to use rather stronger language towards him than the Judge deemed fit and proper. His Lordship intimated that the witnesses were not brought to the court to be insulted. (The witness in question had been called by the Crown.)

"I have examined hundreds of witnesses," said Mr. Bonnar, "but never a more stubborn one than the one on the stand."

The storm burst. "If things are repeated," declared the Judge, "I shall have to inflict a penalty you will not forget."

Mr. Bonnar suddenly stopped examining the witness and sat down. He left the court in a few minutes, though it was early in the afternoon, and the case was proceeding. Next morning when court opened he was not present, but Attorney-General Campbell appeared and informed the court that Mr. Bonnar had withdrawn from the case and refused to continue the prosecution. His Lordship said that in accordance with the rules of the Law Society, Mr. Bonnar could be punished for breaking a contract. Speaking to the Attorney-General the Judge said: "For some time past I have seen witnesses in the box blackguarded. That is the only word I can use to express it. While I was at the bar, and as long as I am on the bench I consider it is the duty of the presiding judge to protect the witness."

The case was enlarged to allow of time to instruct new counsel for the prosecution. No further developments have as yet resulted in the situation.

THERE is a good story told of Mr. G. F. Marter's first election to the legislature for the riding of North Toronto in 1894 which was his most signal political triumph. His opponent was Mr. Joseph Tait, M.P.P., who had sat for the riding for four years as "minority" representative and who had lived nearly all his life in the riding. Mr. Marter on the contrary had spent the best part of his career in Muskoka, so that in a riding whose decisions have always been more or less problematical the hopes of the Liberals ran high. Mr. Tait was extremely confident and went among his friends saying in his strong Scotch dialect: "I'm sorry for Marter; I'm sorry for him indeed. We've always been good friends apart from politics. We got along well in the House and before that in the Conference. Man, I'm sorry for him. He doesn't understand what he's up against. Why the canvass shows a clear Liberal majority of more than nine hundred votes. Losh, but I'm sorry for Marter."

It will be remembered by politicians that when the votes were counted, there was a clear majority for Mr. Marter of just about nine hundred votes. Next day Mr.



Mr. Stead being interviewed

W. T. Stead was in Toronto this week, and Pergus Kyle sketched him as he talked with a group of reporters. See Front Page.

Tait was asked for his opinion: "It is this," he replied. "There are at least nine hundred monumental lee-ars in the riding of North Toronto."

A YEAR or so ago the Elks gave an open-air show in Toronto in which Col. Mundy's collection of trained wild animals was a feature. In order to advertise the entertainment, the officers of the Elks and a number of newspaper men were invited to eat dinner in the large performing cage with the big lions Dewey and Schley, known to circus owners all over America at large. The meal was a private affair, and a number of newspaper men accepted the invitation just to find out what a lion was like at close quarters. In fact they were going Daniel one better, because there is no evidence to show that the lions in whose den the prophet spent the night had not been fed, while Dewey and Schley were obviously hungry. However, the newspaper men and others came through safely and went home to boast to their families about the experience. One of them was the proud father of a five year old boy, who is developing a strong interest in the animal kingdom, and has looked up to his father ever since as a tested hero of the all wool and a yard wide variety.

Recently his Sunday school teacher was inculcating for the benefit of her class the lessons to be derived from the example of Daniel, whose faith had delivered him safely from the lions' den. The boy listened and then remarked:

"Well, my daddy's just as good as Daniel, he's et in the Lion's Den. They had it in the papers about it."

The teacher was equal to the occasion.

"Well then, your papa must be a very good and noble man like Daniel, and you must do everything he says and obey him in everything!"

It is on record that the youngster was good for three days after that.

It is curious, says the New York World, that the United States Government should moralize to the Central-American republics on the folly and irony of engaging in war among themselves, and still permit the shipment of arms from American ports to Central America.

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Why Newfoundland Does Not Join Canada

By H. M. Mosdell



St. John's, Newfoundland.

CONCENTRATION might aptly be termed the keynote of world movements to-day. Illustrations of this fact are to be found in all departments of social and political life; in the relations of individuals and peoples. Statesmanship in the great British Empire has of late thoroughly appreciated this axiom, and of its activities has been born the Imperialist idea. This has developed into the Australian Federation in the east and the movement for the union of the Island of Newfoundland with the Dominion of Canada in the west. The latter, after all, is but the revival of an effort that is as old as the history of the Western Confederation itself, although its activities have been intermittent and unproductive of success. So entire has been the failure that present day promoters of confederation find the ground of Newfoundland sentiment absolutely barren of promise and too sterile to encourage hopes of an early flourishing of their unionist seed.

A detailed review of the several abortive attempts made to induce the island colony to cast in its lot with its more important western neighbor would serve little purpose here save, maybe, to indicate that statesmen are not always infallibly far-sighted and politic, or to illustrate the truism that throughout its history Newfoundland has been the sport of misfortune and the object of neglect.

In discussing the pros and cons of this subject one may safely preface any remarks with the declaration that confederation is not at present a live question in the Island. There is absolutely no healthy sentiment in this connection, the position of the people being one of apathy and absolute indifference. That the Newfoundlanders, however, has distinct and emphatic objection to offer to any surrender of his independence will be understood when we state that no political party has the courage, whatever its sentiments, to make confederation a plank in its campaign platform, and that to be accused of leanings in that direction is the most ruinous aspersion an enemy can cast in the face of any politician.

The why and wherefore of the Islander's objections to union are perhaps more difficult to ascertain; many of them, doubtless, might safely be ascribed to unreasoning prejudice and the lack of an intelligent understanding of the true merits of the case. And yet, as we shall endeavor to show, the anti-confederate is not without a large amount of support in his attitude, and most of the underlying principles of his position are quite sound and logical.

Isolation has, of course, nurtured a spirit of unwavering independence. The present constitution of the colony was won after such a fierce and prolonged struggle and has been maintained under such difficulties that it is regarded as a most precious heritage and one not to be too lightly relinquished.

A large proportion of the population is composed of English and Irish, or descendants of planters of these nationalities, and the sturdy traits of ancestry have been accentuated in them by their stern struggles with the hardships surrounding the life of the Newfoundland fisher folk. Let it be understood, however, that the opposition does not come exclusively from men whose isolation has retarded their intellectual progress or whose age has blinded them with prejudice against innovation. None are more rabidly independent than the younger, more educated generation, who have travelled and toiled more or less extensively in Canada and the United States and so have become familiar with the conditions obtaining in these countries. And there is at present in progress in the Island a campaign which might be styled the pan-Newfoundland movement, and which has as its object the control of all branches of native life by experienced native workers. Evidences of this are to be seen in professional and political circles, and a great measure of success has attended its efforts. The belief is that Newfoundland in the hands of unselfish and patriotic Newfoundlanders is certain to continue in the path of pros-

perity and the determination is to put this theory to a practical test.

Perhaps the inducements to confederation have not been presented to the people with sufficient attractiveness. At any rate the general sentiment now is that the promised advantages would be of very little additional benefit; if, indeed, they proved desirable at all. Could such a transaction improve the administrative system or offer one more applicable to the peculiar circumstances of the people? Apprehension is expressed that the isolation of the Island would prevent a proper appreciation of the unique position of its population and lead to legislative measures which, being mainly experimental, would retard rather than assist their march of progress.

Confederation promises a large influx of Canadian capital for the development of Newfoundland's resources. The Newfoundlanders inquire, and with reason, the hindrances to such at present. There are absolutely no restrictions on capitalists of any nationality. Rich mineral, agricultural and timber limits await the first comer, and he can obtain them on the most liberal terms. 'Agricultural and mining implements are admitted duty free and exportation is unhampered by tax or toll.

The people realize that it is not to the west that they have to look for required advantages but to the same source from which these regions are drawing their wealth of population. The union of Newfoundland with the Dominion would result in an influx of produce rather than population to the Island and this it does not desire. Such articles as it now finds necessary to import are obtained at satisfactory prices under the present regime and confederation would bestow little profit in that regard. Moreover the Island possesses all the natural facilities for the supply of its various needs and the day approaches when the exploitation of these will justify the faith of the patriot.

Direct taxation has always been a bugbear which has frightened the Newfoundlanders from even a contemplation of union. It is contended that such would be a virtual impossibility to a population whose main source of income is of so uncertain a nature as the fisheries. And, while a large amount of misrepresentation has been employed in this connection, the objections contain reasons which will be appreciated by all acquainted with the circumstances of the people.

The unrestricted opening of the country to a large number of outsiders is also felt to be very undesirable. The monopoly of these unrivalled advantages has been of immense value to the colony. They have never been scientifically developed and it is believed that with the application of modern method to the various branches of this industry will dawn a more prosperous day for Newfoundland.

It is to the United States that the country looks for expanding markets for her fish products. Canada can offer no advantages in this direction, worthy of consideration, and Newfoundland is naturally disinclined to union with a country whose products are debarred by high tariff restrictions from participation in the advantages which are now felt to be within reasonable reach of the colony.

A little soreness, too, is felt over what is regarded as Canada's unwarranted interference with the efforts of Island politicians to conclude independent reciprocal trade measures with the great republic. These are termed selfish and coercive and have not been productive of harmony or been instrumental in reconciling the aggrieved Newfoundlanders to the idea of union.

The bulk of Newfoundland's foreign trade is with the United States; the fishermen of the republic largely exploit her fisheries and hence a mutually advantageous system has been instituted and has naturally biased the Islander accordingly. This, however, is a matter of trade, not of state, relationship. Loyalty in the Island is emphatically, enthusiastically real, annexation clap-trap notwithstanding.

The island colony is in the heyday of prosperity at present. Progress is the keynote of every department of her colonial life. And her people are satisfied and anticipative, for the future promises to inaugurate a brighter era.

Railway building and its attendant advantages are knocking at her door and promise her the opportunities the past has denied. Is it any wonder that she is content to work out her own destiny and assume her true position as an independent and important unit of the Empire? Toronto, May 1, '07.

The Baltimore Sun notes that Commander Peary is going to make another of those dashes from the lecture-platform to the North Pole.

Joseph Brown died this week in Detroit, aged 90 years. As a boy of eight in England he had seen the first locomotive in the world start on its first trip.

A Russian Prisoner's Wife in Japan

An Educated Russian Lady's Story of War-Time in Japan—Some Very Pointed Criticisms of Various Countries and Peoples.

WHEN the war broke out between Russia and Japan a wealthy Russian and his wife were living a life of leisurely ease in Rome. The wife was daughter of an English mother and had spent part of her girlhood in Japan. She sympathized with the Japanese, but pitied them in that they were facing destruction at the hands of Russia. She hastened to St. Petersburg with her husband, where he went to receive an appointment on Gen. Kuropatkin's headquarters staff, the wife urging him to use all his influence to soften the rigors of defeat on the brave little yellow men. A few months later the wife—the Princess Sophia—received a cable that her husband, Vladimir, was a prisoner in the hands of the Japanese at the military hospital at Matsuyama, Japan.

At once she decided to cross the world to her husband. The story of her trip and her experiences in Japan and in the military hospital is told in "As The Hague Ordains: Journal of a Russian Prisoner's Wife in Japan" (Henry Holt & Company, New York). It is a book quite out of the ordinary. This educated and travelled Russian lady has much to say that is highly interesting about the Japanese, the Russians, the English, and Americans—even a Canadian girl appears on the scene and plays a considerable part. The lady reached Yokohama by way of London and New York. She has something to say about the treatment received at the portals to the "land of liberty."

"It was a heathen, a savage and uncivilized, a bureaucratic, tyrannical America I found to my sorrow. America quite the proper person forsooth to throw stones at poor Russia! Certainly we do not treat prisoners worse in Russia than the Goddess of Liberty treats the arriving sea passenger in America. So, we sat on boxes of merchandise 'in the foul cage,' as their writers always speak of Siberian prisons. We were hungry, without food or drink, and could not pass the cordon of guards to seek it outside; and Anna stood for two hours in the queue of convicts waiting to draw a number for a customs officer to search our luggage. Heavens! how much better they do it in Wirballen and Eydtunen on our frontier! and at Odessa! Constantinople even would blush to have such a douane.

"In the long hours on this ill-smelling, stifling wharf, the passengers greedily seized the newspapers, and again their laughter was for Russia's misfortunes in war. Nothing was lacking to make me completely miserable. But, at last, an official came toward me with a letter, followed by a man who was plainly a Russian from the toes of his boots to his blonde-white hair. 'Lady, are you Mrs. Van Till? because this man from the Russian Consulate has been hunting for you all over the docks.' And then our troubles ended, for the Consul's clerk knew how to manage the dreadful Americans. I don't know how much he had to pay in fees and tips to get us off, but anyhow, he soon had our boxes corded and sealed and we crossed by ferry to the city, and went to a mammoth hotel—a skyscraper they call it."

Surely the system cannot be defended as free and equal which permits a clerk who knows the ropes and how to bestow a few tips, to pick a couple of people out of a crowd and release them without delay while others still wait long hours.

But the Princess Sophia saw something further on landing in America: "When I came to leave New York, a company of seventy Chinese was marched into the station, counted off like convicts, and locked in a car. 'This is the land of freedom, you know,' said the Consul, 'where they do not punish the Jews, no matter what they do. These Chinese are rich merchants going to China and intending to return to America. They count them, lock them up and guard them, exactly as we do convicts going to Siberia. Some day, the Chinese may get tired of their treatment and make an uprising. Then the American will 'get busy,' as they say, and mend their manners.'"

At another point in her book some hard raps are dealt out to that idol of England and America, Count Tolstoi. The village owned by him shows no evidence of having a wise owner. "Hardly any village in China is as filthy, the people as ignorant and in as low a condition as in that Tula village of Yasnaya Polyana beside the country home of our great reformer and humbug, Count L. Tolstoi. I wonder why the procession of foreign visitors who go to Yasnaya Polyana, who lavish adulation and hysterical praises upon that crass socialist and mischief-maker of his day, never think to look around them and use their reasoning powers. Would it not be the logical thing for Yasnaya Polyana to be the model village of Russia? Something cleaner than Edam or Markem? A little of that magnificent humanitarianism and benevolence poured upon that insanitary village on his own estates would be more practical, it seems to me, than the thin treacle of it spread over the whole universe. Talk is cheap in Yasnaya Polyana, and the Grand Poseur plays his part magnificently. Every visitor goes away completely hypnotized, especially the Americans with their frothing about equality and the universal brotherhood of man. Universal grandmother! All men are just as equal as all noses or mouths are equal. The world gets older but learns nothing; and it cherishes delusions, and the same ones, just as it did in the time of the Greek philosophers. Leo Tolstoi might well have lived in a tub, or carried a lantern by day, like the most sensational and theatrical of the ancients. He is only a past master of *la reclame*, of the art of advertising. The *moujik* blouse and those delightful tableaux of a real nobleman shoemaking and hay-making, make his books sell. That is all. And under the masquerading blouse of the humanitarian is the fine and perfumed linen of the dandy. Leo Tolstoi, the Beau Brummel of his corps, in my father's day—the dandy in domino to-day."

Among the Russians in the prison hospital are some whose conversation will prove interesting to Anglo-Saxon readers. One of them had been Russian Governor on the line of march to the capital of Thibet. He was pestered with tourists, sightseers, mostly English. They all wanted to explore the forbidden country. One experience especially rankled in this man's mind. About this how he did talk!

"I knew then they were only spies. And I! even I, ran with Mr. George Curzon! My Lord Curzon he is now. He, who would keep us out of Persia, and drive us out

of all Trans-Caspia—if he could. He, who will not hesitate to undermine us in every way, now that Kuropatkin is tied up hand and foot, in this accused Manchurian mess. Lord Curzon! The Viceroy of India! Who could think it then? The pale little university student, who was writing in the London Times, and wanted to find the source of the Oxus, and the course of the Pamirs, and the lord devil knows what not. Ah! Spy! Spy! I could wring his miserable neck, if I could see him now. Would I lend him my horses, my maps, my everything again? A Viceroy of India in disguise! And I his tool, his fool! Ah! Grievsky you deserve all this—this the convict dress, the sentry at the door, the high fence! And Mr. George Curzon should come, and see, to make the comedy complete."

Back in the happy days at Rome the Princess had jestingly sought to find a wife for a splendid young Russian, Lyov Siemenoff. This is where the Canadian girl figures in the drama. The writer recalls the manner in which Lyov used to talk.

"You see," he would say, "the one path to success nowadays is to have an English or an American wife. The English I know a little more about; but America is so far off, and we hear such strange stories. So, I think, if it is the same to you, Sophia Ivanovna, I will forego the American beauty and her greater chicness, and continue to seek out my adorable Mess." Then, of course, he fell madly, frantically, slavishly in love with an American girl from Canada, which is America. A goddess of beauty she was, with a manner and style not one of our Grand Duchesses could equal. She ordered men about, and they obeyed, not meekly, but eagerly, frantically. Even Englishmen fetched and carried, and waited on her. "I think she hypnotizes me," one heavy Briton said. "I shall not be surprised any time to find myself tying her adorable shoe laces, blacking her smart little boots, even. The divine mademoiselle, *la belle Canadienne*, for a time seemed to listen to Lyov; and then, all of a sudden Lyov was plunged in melancholy, left Rome, and went back to the Garde a Cheval. We were soon startled with the announcement of her marriage in London to Count Foresta, an Italian, who was all well enough perhaps as a *parti*—a good title and estates, mediaeval castle, and all that—but a poor second, as man for man, to Lyov Siemenoff. And now, Lyov is dead! Killed in battle, like his father before him. The Forestas were living on one of their estates near Siena, awaiting an heir, when the Count came down to Rome for the cavalry rides, and, in doing some of those mad Italian rides down steep banks, was killed."

But Lyov was not dead. And who should visit the very hospital where he lay wounded but the Canadian goddess who had become the Italian Count's widow! This lends the book quite an air of romance.

A wounded Russian at Matsuyama feels bitterly towards the English. At times he talks with much violence. "That khaki reminds me too much of the English at Peking, in 1900, and of those outrageous Americans, who just smiled at us whenever we tried to go a little ahead of them on the march to Peking. They are too smart, those Americans. I wish Germany would thrash them well and take the blague out of them. I would like to see the English and the Americans fight a war a *l'outrance*. Then there would be peace in the world, and freedom for the other nations of the earth. Those two stand in the way of everything. It is these two, and their 'open door' nonsense about China, that brought on this war, anyhow. They put Japan up to fighting, and they will profit by it more than Japan, their little catspaw."

Very sore spots with the Russians were the surrender of Port Arthur and the bad behavior of the Grand Duke Cyril. An officer was brought to the prison hospital who had been on the ill-fated Petropovsk, when she struck a mine and sank. It was with this boat that the great painter, Verestchagin went down. But Cyril was saved—Cyril the Grand Duke. A survivor told about what happened there.

"He saw the crew leap from the decks; he helped rescue them, even that bawling calf of a Cyril Vladimirovitch, who was a good swimmer and not hurt, yet who bellowed and roared until he was saved; who fought off and prevented the rescue of many a better fellow. 'Save me! Save me!' he bellowed in fright, 'I am the Grand Duke Cyril!' and he kicked away the wounded sailors as he climbed into the boat, beat them away with an oar, and beat the boat's crew until they did as he bid and rowed him to land, and left the wounded to struggle and drown."

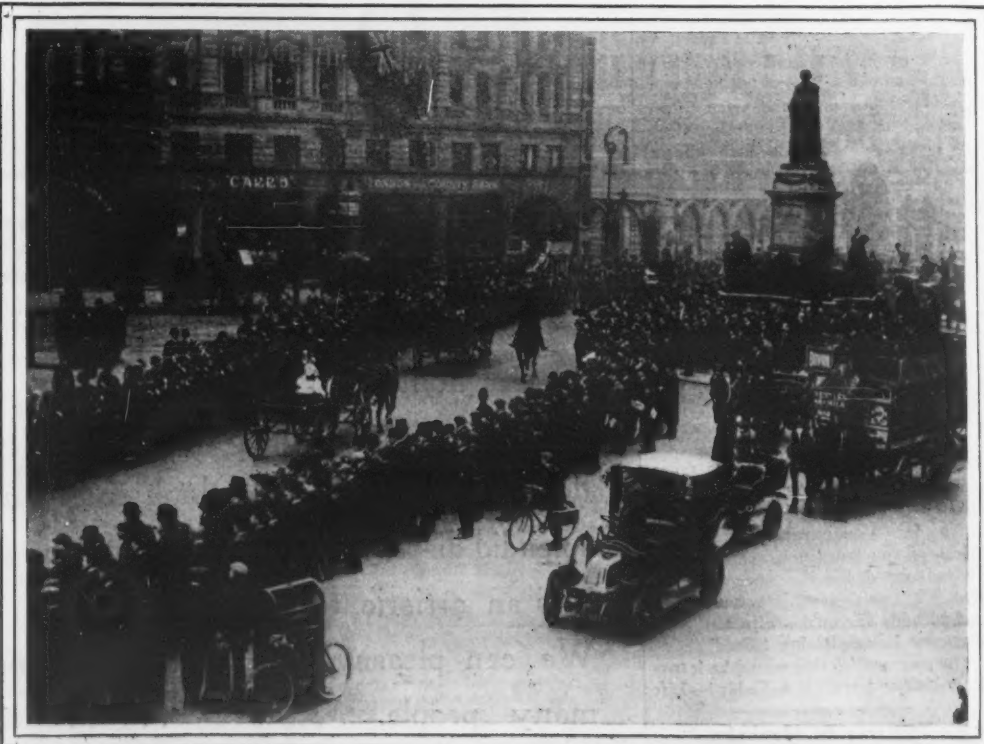
From first to last the writer testifies to the great consideration shown for the wounded Russians by the Japanese—a politeness genuine although sometimes doubted by those who did not understand. There was matchless method in the doing of all things. For Stoessel, for the Viceroy, for other "graters" who wanted Manchuria merely to exploit it in behalf of companies over which the Grand Dukes presided while a weakling Czar smiled and could not comprehend—the writer exhibits a pitiless scorn.

In the Perkins murder trial at Cayuga, which ended in the acquittal of the accused, the cost to the Crown, which will largely fall on the county of Haldimand, will amount to about \$3,000. Of this sum \$896.45 is paid to the medical experts as follows: Dr. A. Jukes Johnson of Toronto, \$231.35; Dr. Arell of Cayuga, \$80; Dr. Kerr of Dunnville, \$151.50; Dr. Bauer of Hamilton, \$152.50; Dr. Edgar of Hamilton, \$32.50; Dr. Ellis of Toronto, \$57.50; Dr. Snyder of Cayuga, \$28; Dr. Bruce Smith of Toronto, \$163.10. It is said that Mr. E. F. B. Johnston received \$2,500 for conducting the defence, paying medical experts and all else. This case serves to call in question the wisdom of piling up expense with conflicting expert opinion.

Premier Campbell-Bannerman of England is quite the opposite from his predecessor, Balfour, in one thing, remarks The Argonaut. The latter said that while he was in office he never read the newspapers. The present Prime Minister not only reads them but writes for them.

According to the Calgary Albertan, a gentleman from northern Alberta announces that there is so much oil in that district that it leaks out into the Saskatchewan river and makes peace throughout the entire northern country.

Mr. Stead accuses the newspapers of being responsible for most of the wars. Where would you saddle the responsibility in the stone age. Mr. Stead?—Atlanta Constitution.



The Colonial Premiers Driving Through London

This picture shows the carriages passing the Gladstone monument, and the crowds assembled to see the Premiers. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is in the carriage attended by the horseman.

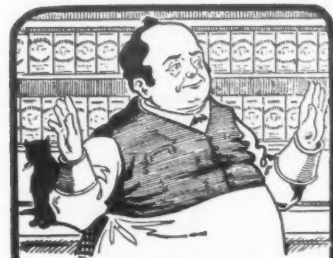
THINGS THAT PEOPLE TALK MOST ABOUT

(From Harper's Magazine for January, 1907.)

"To make advertising pay you simply have got to have a good article to advertise. The manufacturer knows this. The more one advertises a poor or inferior product, the less one sells in the long run. The article must be good."

"BABY'S OWN SOAP" has been advertised for many years now. Its sales have gone on increasing year after year, with the result that many imitations are now made of this high grade soap. Unfortunately these imitations are made to look as nearly as possible like "BABY'S OWN," but they are sold more cheaply and the dealer is given a bigger profit; so that they cannot be as good.

"BABY'S OWN SOAP" is made as good as it is possible to make soap and it is sold as low as the cost of the best and purest ingredients will allow. Don't accept substitutes. Let what you ask for. There is a reason in advertising. "Baby's Own Soap"—that reason is its exceptional merit.



"There's nothing like
**St. George's
Baking Powder**

"It keeps its strength—the last spoonful is as good as the first."
"And it gives such a fine flavour to the baking, once people use it, they want it every time."

Write us for our new Cook-Book.
National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

1854 THE 1854
Home Bank
of Canada
(DIVIDEND NO. 3.)

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of Six per cent. per annum upon the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the half-year ending 31st of May, 1907, and the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches, on and after Saturday, the 1st day of June next. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 31st of May, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
JAMES MASON,
General Manager.
TORONTO, 24TH APRIL, 1907.

THE WINNER OF THE DOLL CONTEST



MISS ELEANOR BURNS,
in Dolly Varden Costume.

This is Miss Eleanor Burns, who won the first prize of \$25 cash in the recent Dolly Varden doll contest.

The little lady was much elated at her success, and in a bright little note addressed to Mr. Frank Mercer, at the Yonge street store of the Dolly Varden Shoe Company, she said: "I could not believe it when Mr. Mercer telephoned me and told me. I assure you that I was surprised beyond imagination. I am exceedingly grateful for the check for \$25 which you handed me."

Little Miss Burns conceived the idea of giving a Dolly Varden party to celebrate her achievement, and she dressed herself in the costume in which her picture was taken. All her young friends came to her home on Church street, and they all enjoyed themselves very much. Some of the little girls have asked Mr. Mercer to repeat the contest next winter, and he has taken the matter into consideration.

Books and Bookmen

Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Works of Canadian Writers.

M. R. PETER McARTHUR, a Canadian who for many years has been a well-known journalist in New York and London, has made a selection from his privately-printed sonnets and from his contributions to The Century, The Atlantic Monthly and other magazines, which will be published next month by Mitchell Kennerley, under the title "The Prodigal and Other Poems."

The title-poem, which is given below, appeared originally in The Youth's Companion, and has been extensively copied.

THE PRODIGAL.

Last night the boy came back to me again,
The laughing boy, all-credulous of good—
Long lost, far-wandered in the ways of men,

He came and roused me with an olden mood.

He came the lover and enthusiast,
Shook off my years, and with enlightened eyes,
Smiled at the shadow that the world had cast,

And looked at life with all the old surprise,

And I, the slave of patience, took him in,

Gave him my heart and bade him welcome home

Thrilled with his dreams of all I yet may win—

Allured again in golden paths to roam,

And now I know life has no greater joy

Than, having lived, to be once more a boy.

The new Canadian song, "Canada, God and Our Land," words by W. A. Fraser, the story-writer of Georgetown, and music by Dr. Albert Ham of Toronto, is published in the May number of The Ladies' Home Journal.

Mr. Norman Duncan dedicates his latest delightful Newfoundland story, "The Cruise of the Shining Light," to his elder brother, which leads Harper's Magazine to make this interesting comment:

Behind the dedication of "The Cruise of the Shining Light" lies an unusual degree of brotherly devotion. It reads:

"To my elder brother, Robert Kennedy Duncan, this book is affectionately dedicated."

Only those who know the two Duncan brothers, Robert Kennedy and Norman, are aware of the remarkably close tie between them. Neither will willingly, or for more than a comparatively short time, live apart from the other; if one moves to or from a city the other will certainly follow.

Norman Duncan is famous as an author. Robert Kennedy Duncan is a college professor, but has also won distinction through his series of articles, in Harper's Magazine, on "The Chemistry of Commerce."

Both were born at Brantford, Ontario, one in 1863, and the other in 1871.

Robert Kennedy Duncan became instructor of chemistry in the High School of Auburn, New York. Norman promptly secured a position with a newspaper there. Norman thought that he had a greater chance of fame and fortune, along the lines of his earnest literary ambition, in New York city, and to this city he came. At the same time his brother became instructor at a collegiate institute here. Robert Kennedy Duncan was made professor of chemistry at Washington and Jefferson College, and in a short time Norman Duncan was made professor of rhetoric at the same institution. They handed in their resignations within twenty-four hours of each other, Robert Kennedy to accept a position on the faculty of the University of Kansas, and Norman to devote his entire time to literature and to visit for a while a third brother, whose home is in Northwestern Pennsylvania. Before long, so their friends declare, Norman and Robert will infallibly be together again. And so it needs but a paraphrase of a famous line of Cowper's to read:

"So live two sons of Brantford in one town."

Dr. Goldwin Smith's interest in the great religious, social and economic questions of the day seems to increase rather than diminish with the passing of years. His latest contribution to the discussion of these topics is "A Letter to a Labor Friend," under the title of Labor and Capital. In this little book Professor Smith handles some of the difficult problems in economics with an ease and simplicity that will appeal especially to



INFERENCE.

Jack (who always has to take over his elder brother's old clothes and other relics)—Mother, w-w-will I have to marry Bobbie's widow when he dies?—Punch.

the general reader, unversed in technicalities, who wishes to view the relations of labor and capital as they actually exist.

A son of the late Judge Haliburton—the famous "Sam Slick"—died the other day in England, where he long held a position of considerable importance in the civil service. His death recalls to The London Advertiser the fact that "Sam Slick" was the first Canadian to acquire fame with his pen. He was born in Windsor, N.S., says The Advertiser, in 1796, and ascended the bench of his native province in 1829. He retired in 1856, and took up his residence in England, where he entered Parliament and sat for Launceston from 1859 till his death in 1865. The author of "The Clockmaker" was really the precursor of the school of American humor to which James Russell Lowell and Artemus Ward belonged, and of which Mark Twain is the great exponent to-day.

A very useful little booklet, compiled by Mr. Frank Yeigh, of Toronto, the well known writer, traveller and lecturer, has just been published by the Canadian Facts Publishing Co., Toronto. It is called "5,000 Facts About Canada," and contains in the briefest possible form a mass of information regarding Canada and Canadian life and resources. Mr. Yeigh is well qualified to compile such a hand book, and he has done his work well.

Escape at Bedtime.

The lights from the parlor and kitchen shone out

Through the blinds and the windows and bars;

And high overhead and all moving about

There were thousands of millions of stars.

There ne'er were such thousands of leaves on a tree,

Nor of people in church or the park,

As the crowds of the stars that looked down upon me,

And that glittered and winked in the dark.

The Dog, and the Plough, and the Hunter, and all,

And the star of the sailor, and Mars,

These shone in the sky, and the pail by the wall

Would be half full of water and stars.

They saw me at last, and they chased me with cries,

And they soon had me packed into bed;

But the glory kept shining and bright in my eyes,

And the stars going round in my head.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.

The optimist—Hope.

The lunatic—Wilde.

The Hottentot—Savage.

The athlete—Hale.

The anemic—Haggard.

The humorist—Whittier.

The rail magnate—Steele.

The man about town—Swift.

The baseball player—Fielding.

The jeweler—Goldsmith.

The doubtful man—Mabie.

The butcher—Lamb.

The Englishman—London.

The lawyer—Barr.

The President—Addison.—Life.

"I like the automobile for style," said the old Georgia farmer, "but for safety an' solid comfort give me the slow, old-fashioned ox cart; but I'd like to collar one o' them automobiles an' hitch about four ploughs behind it in a 20 acre field, then turn on steam an' let it give the old mule lessons in gittin' over ground."

"Did I understand you to say that my appearance has improved?"

"No; I said you looked more like yourself."—Life.

Where are the Marbles and Jacks?

ONCE in a while these sunny mornings you will stumble across a bunch of kids playing marbles. But they are not as plenty as they used to be. Hundreds of boys don't own marbles at all and never play the game. The boys of the old brigade all played marbles; marbles were currency. They were the same as money. You could buy an apple, a top, a dead rat, a tassel, a garter snake, a bunch of firecrackers a Sunday school ticket, a chew of gum, or a toad with marbles. What brass wire and shells and beads were to the savage of the South Sea, so was the marble to the commerce of the boys of those dear old days. A marble was money, and many a great financier learned the game through dealing in marbles. They were to him what chips are to the poker-player—they were collateral.

How long is it since a doctor got a hurry call to extract a marble from the nose of some urchin? He got it in, but he couldn't get it out. How long is it since the family physician was called in on account of Bobby, who had swallowed a glass alley that afternoon?

No; they don't do it any more. But while the marble habit has disappeared, a contemporaneous game seems to have been lost sight of altogether. That is the ancient and honorable game of jacks. It was a lady's game, but everyone played it. No little girl would go a mile from home without her set of jack stones. And some of them were amazingly expert. The stunts they could do with five, seven, or ten jack stones would surprise you. I have stood and watched a Siwash gambler at a potlatch and been thrilled by the marvelous dexterity with which he manipulated the little clay balls—the genesis of three-card monte—but none of them could excel some little girls that I recall with their jack stones. I haven't seen a real game of jacks since I had the measles—have you?—The Khan in the Toronto Star.

The best story of a horse's jumps which comes to the mind is that of a California cowboy. He was taking steers to Leadville, and had camped for the night on Bear River near its junction with the Little Snake. In the middle of the night something occurred to stampede the cattle. The man mounted his broncho and rode hither and thither on the flank of the herd until their fright had died away. Four or five times the rider felt his horse give tremendous leaps, and with daybreak he discovered the cause.

The cattle had climbed to a level plateau which is intersected by a canon four miles long and from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet deep. Its walls incline toward each other at the top, where the distance is fifteen or twenty feet. In riding, the man had kept the steers circling about this plateau. A dozen of them, he found, had fallen down the canon and been killed.

Hoofs marks showed him that the great jumps made by his horse were occasioned by the animal's clearing the canon each time it came to the taking-off spot.—London Evening Standard.

Dear Theodore: From shore to shore,
The Gulf to the St. Lawrence,
From Rio Grande's chaparral
To far Vancouver's torrents,
We love you true!
Indeed, we do!

But wish you were less heady.
And add: If you'd prefix an "S"
To your Rough-Riding "Teddy,"
Our current friction would be less—
Be wise—and spell it S-Teddy!—Life

The way to Muskoka.

Tourist and summer residents will find the best service to Muskoka will continue to be via the Grand Trunk Railway System, via Muskoka Wharf. Grand Trunk agents will issue tickets which will permit stopover.

The Sovereign Bank of Canada

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of one and one-half per cent. (1½ per cent.) for the current quarter, being at the rate of six per cent. (6 per cent.) per annum on the capital stock of this bank, has been declared, and that the same will be payable at the head office and at the branches on and after the 16TH DAY OF MAY NEXT.

The transfer books will be closed from the 1st to the 15th May, both days inclusive.

By Order of the Board,

D. M. Stewart, General Manager.

Toronto, 30th March, 1907.

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Market Branch

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168 King St. East

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Special spring and summer weights, in all sizes for men, women and children. Catalogues Free.

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Men's New Shirts Are Here BETTER VALUES THAN EVER

The most advanced styles and the most accurate fit. We have given every attention to our shirt department this season, so we pledge to our customers the most perfectly cut, exquisitely finished shirts that ever went over a retail counter.

Our prices range from \$1 to \$2.50. Coat style, separate or attached cuffs.

FANCY VESTS The selection of the best English makes, finest flannel and cashmeres and fancy vest materials. From \$1.50 to \$4.00.

DENT'S GLOVES We are headquarters for these and our prices will be found less than any one in the trade. New Suedes, Chamoles and Cape leathers from \$1.00 per pair.

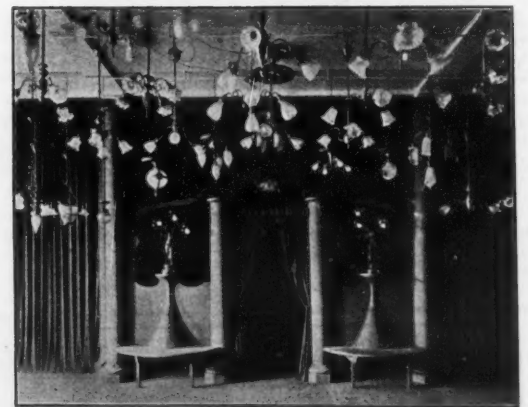
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and fancy starch work carefully and promptly done by

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You can spot them on the street and, in perhaps, nine cases out of ten, enquire how and the answer will be that they send their coat or suit here occasionally to be cleaned and freshened up for present wear.

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Dyers and Cleaners, Toronto.
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are open Summer and Winter. Hot meals are served daily from 12 to 2, and 5 to 8.30 p.m.; light luncheons hot and cold served from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. Dates for Ballroom Banquets can be had by calling up Park 905.
Our Apple Pies are served from 2 to 5 p.m. Saturday and Sunday only.
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Nobby Gibson Ties



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HERE is no "superstition" so often laughed at as the refusal to pass under a ladder, and two instances when persons have defied it have recently come as warnings that there isn't a superstition with a more sensible reason. A man was walking with a chum, and came to a very long extension ladder, on which were workmen putting up a square of plate glass. The chum went out into the dirty roadway, the man, rallying him, walked under the ladder just as the workman missed a step and let the glass slip. The man was killed—bled to death before the eyes of his horrified companion; the glass had been shivered in its fall, and a lancet-like morsel had struck the man and severed an artery in his neck. Less tragic, but quite as convincing, was what happened to a friend who laughed at me one day last week, and boldly walked under a painter's ladder. It was red paint, and it lit on a white meline hat with pale blue plumes, making a combination of color not quite to the taste of the lady under it, however patriotic she may be! The superstition says: "If you pass under a ladder, and forget to say 'God bless the building and the builder,' you'll not live to see the building completed." The common sense of it says: "Things drop on you, if you pass under ladders, therefore go around them," which I invariably do.

What's the matter with people that they can't sit still? The other night at the opera there was an epidemic of fidgets over everyone. The only ones who sat still were the lovely white and pink double row of school girls, who never turned a hair during the long evening. I wondered what they thought of Bohemia as she was represented on that stage? Some of the older folk turned their eyes away from the last moments of little Mimi, some, more than a few, dashed something off their cheeks as they hastily huddled on their coats and cloaks. There were folk who went out silently and unseeing their friends, and walked or drove away with a long sigh. What was it that made them preoccupied, distraught, pondering? Could it be that in each of our lives, we who have lived a good while, there was an experience which raised its head and nodded to the hapless ending of that Quartier Latin love episode? Is there in many a life, the memory of a sweet, sacred contraband love, that has never paid duty, and that died long ago, as Mimi died, having nothing to gain by living? If this be so, no wonder some of us were looking with serious eyes at it, and forgetting Rudolf and Mimi and their paths and sorrow. It need not have given us pain or humiliation, or cause for much repentance, only it had been sweet and it had died, and the lives that had held it saw it clearly again and the hearts answered: Alas! not to the poor author and his girl on the stage, but to that little sweet, unforgettable bit of their own emotional past, which raised its pale face and looked at them!

The little mother has been on our minds for the past month, appealing to us who are lusty and strong and free to come and go as we will, by her weakness, her anxieties, her pathetic plight. She is very sacred, very precious, this timid, apprehensive little creature, who is yet more brave than the doughtiest warrior, who ever faced death in the dust of conflict. For she faces possible defeat in her struggle with civilization for the life she proudly gives to another. She will never guess at the prayers we make for her, since her sunny little face grew pale and her merry laugh, forced and mechanical. She knows of our affection and concern, she also knows a hundred weird and appalling tales of mishap and disaster and death, which morbid, good-natured fools tell her, bad luck to their silly tongues! And we turn from heartening and laughing at her, and go into secluded corners and revile the gabbling sisterhood and give thanks that they can't vote, and then we shrug helpless shoulders and whisper, "God, who brings woman through so many deep waters, help the frightened little mother, when her dark hour comes!"

The travel-microbe has begun his summer work. On every side one hears plans and speculations. Will it be cold in England? Will hubby take wifery with him to the far lands of the North? Will the Dublin Exposition be worth visiting? Which

were the better holiday, social junketing or solitary explorations? And how would it do to just quietly stop at home this summer, and have a grand splurge next year? Of course, this applies only to the free lances, for mothers and fathers have already accepted their usual summer duty of taking the children into the country, and are making plans to that end. I have an application from New York, for a nice quiet cottage near a lake, but far from city or automobile racket. Can anyone help my New York friend who wants a healthy, quiet Canadian summer. If so, I shall be glad to pass on the information. But, please, I don't want a large ramshackled house, nor it won't "do just as well," if it's near a river or brook, and part of a cottage won't fill the bill. And, particularly, there must be no motor traffic near by. I don't know whether this condition results from long suffering of smells and toots, or an accident owing to a motor, or just old-fashioned cussedness, but it's a condition without which all else is nothing.

If this paragraph should happen to meet the eye of the person who has my copy of Drummond's "Habitant," I should be very glad to have them return it to me. It has cost me hours of hard "recalling" to try and remember where that book is, but so far I've failed in my long suit. Some day I shall entrap the mislaid memory, but hope that I shall be spared the trouble, by having my book returned. "Serve you right for lending it," you may say. Well, perhaps I'd rather lose it than refuse it to anyone who really wanted to read it! Anyhow, I want it back very much!

LADY GAY.



The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Questions, scraps, or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupon are not studied.

D. E.—You'll never make Canada great until you are more careful of rules and regulations, which is to say, you forgot to enclose a coupon.

Curiosity, Oshawa.—A wild Irish person with the lines of mystery, mournfulness and mirth, sure enough. There is great courage, initiative and energy in your study, and a keen sense of humor. You never really reason a matter out logically, however seriously you begin; you jump the hedge sooner or later, and cut across country to a conclusion. August 3 brings you under Leo, a fire sign, the heart o' the world, darlin'! You have power and aspire to wield it. Domination is strong in you. While you would be easily reached by an appeal to your emotions you have pretty good control of them. You have decided opinions and are not backward in stating them. Although the mind is bright, quick and keen it's not distinctly feminine, and you'd probably be more at your best and in harmony with men than women. 'Tis an illigant fine bit of character you've got!

Anthracite, Aylmer.—Et tu Brute; such a long time to wait, only to be told you forgot your coupon.

Chee.—Did I hear you say "before very long?" This is strictly in your turn, my friend. You are buoyant, ambitious, tenacious and somewhat highstrung, averse to sentiment and independent in thought, impatient of delay and very longheaded. An idea once rooted in your mind is there to stay, and you carry your plans through with dash and energy. While you are not cautious, you are fairly discreet and have personal pride and self-esteem in healthy amount.

Grek.—Many's the time I've dreamed I was there, too! I have two friends who have lived there, and they have aroused an intense desire within me to roam the storied spot. October 9 brings you under Libra, an air sign, of which you seem a fairly progressive specimen. You are the least bit insincere in your attitude, owing to the Libra tendency to over-enthusiasm. Libra women are very sensitive to lack of harmony, and are sometimes made apparently sad and morose by it. You have all the Libra ability and facility and clarity of expression; Libra people are generally energetic, ambitious, generous and inspired. The faults of this sign are tendency to worry, carelessness in money matters, which they dislike, and undue sensitiveness.

Priscilla.—July 11 brings you under Cancer, a water sign, noted for its caprice and unexpectedness, as well as for a certain elusive and devious turn of mind. You are fairly candid and honest, constant and susceptible, a good deal of sentiment and gentleness shows in your lines. You have no wish to rule, and would be faithful and contented in a place in the second row. It is a very sensible and ingratiating Cancer specimen, and should be fond of home, money, neatness and order. Cancer is governed by the moon, and inconstancy in affections, effort, and convictions is a frequent weakness under this sign. It is not an influence which turns out good nurses.

Ann Arbor.—I don't call it a Yankee town, far from it, geographically and otherwise. Your writing shows generosity, self respect, a trend to pessimism, imagination and a light but constant will. You are sociable, conservative, just and sometimes have wise and valuable insight. I should fancy you filling a position of trust ably and you probably have, as you deserve, the respect of your entire circle. It is not a strong nor magnetic study, but a wise and worthy one.

Laurel.—Which work? Music or care of the sick? April 3 brings you under Aries, a fire sign, and you have much of its impulse and inspiration. It seems much more like a success in the arts than in the drudgery of a nurse's career. The sense of beauty, self-esteem, hope and ambition, dash and imagination, unnecessary display and somewhat weak staying powers are not the best foundation for nurses' work. If you are going in for music, my best wishes.

Wingti Un.—If that isn't you *nom de plume*, it will confirm your fear that I couldn't read your writing. May 14 brings you under Taurus, an earth sign, and one hard to spiritualize and overcome. Taurus folk are kind, hospitable, always ready to help, more with money than sympathetic words or action. It is a Taurus weakness to be guided too much by appearances. Their whole physical nature seems to grow out of the five senses, but when developed above sensuality they become powerful, mentally and spiritually, zealous and sanguine in chosen lines of thought. Many Taurus people hate office work as much as you probably do. The power which regenerates and subdues this strong but wrong headed sign is love, and through and by love it reaches its great capacity for nobleness and leadership. Taurus folk are great leaders. They should live ascetically and look always to a high ideal.

Miss Biffin.—It's fine to be canny and cautious, isn't it? September 6 brings you under Virgo, an earth sign, and you have the impatient, independent, aggressive and sometimes domineering tendency of the true Virgo. There is a curious, pessimistic crank, hardly serious enough to be a tendency. You have some cheery ways, too, and fairly sweet temper, however, brooking much control. There is some humor, also some selfishness, and while not original, you are fairly smart and clever.

The Route to Pittsburg is the Pennsylvania Railroad from Buffalo.

The Pennsylvania Railroad affords triple daily service from Buffalo to Pittsburg and from Pittsburg to Buffalo, connecting with trains to and from Toronto and all parts of the Dominion. Through trains leave Exchange street station, Buffalo, at 9.00 a.m. and 1.10 p.m., with Pullman buffet parlor cars, and at 11.00 p.m., with Pullman sleeping cars. Similar trains leave Pittsburg at the same hours. Pullman reservations and full information of B. P. Fraser, P.A.B.D., 307 Main street, Elliott square, Buffalo.

Unconscious humor is sometimes to be found in the advertising columns of the daily papers. In a recent issue of the Duluth News-Tribune appeared the following "card of thanks" signed by a widow: "I sincerely thank the Longshoremen, l'Union St. Jean Baptiste, also all other friends who so ably assisted me in the loss of my beloved husband."

She (after a vivacious discussion) — Oh, you dare to look me in the face He (philosophically)—Good heavens! In this world one becomes accustomed to everything!—Translated from Il Motto per Ridere.

Mr. Brown—Remember distinctly that never in this world do you get something for nothing.

Mrs. Brown—What about chicane in a bridge game?—Life.

She—Allen married before he had completed his education.

He—The same could be said of any man that married.—May Smart Set.

The short-sighted man gets no better view by climbing a hill.—Life.

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"L'Or Extrait du Vin"

(FIVE STARS)

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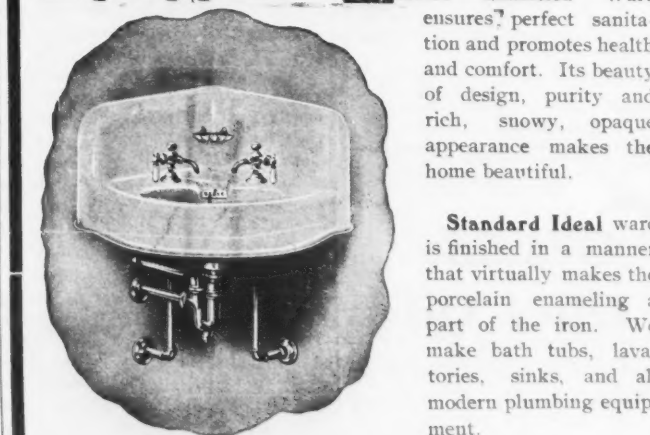
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SPECIAL EXTRA ATTRACTION

Tom Nawn & Co. Presenting "Pat and the Genii."

Ontario Jockey Club TORONTO

Spring Meeting

Commencing May 18th—June 1st RACING AND STEEPLECHASING

The King's Plate, \$5,000, will be run May 18th. The Toronto Cup, \$5,000, will be run May 24th, and a number of valuable stakes during the meeting, finishing with a splendid programme on Saturday, June 1st.

Jos. E. Seagram, M.P. President

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Genuine Olive Oil

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A rest at the Del Monte, Preston Springs, will do more to restore your health than many bottles of medicine. A few days at the superb health resort will build you up wonderfully.

THE DRAMA



John Drew Who appears next week at the Princess in "His House in Order."

NEXT week we are to witness at the Princess Theatre the much heralded four-act Pinero play, "His House in Order," with John Drew in the leading role. There will be four performances—on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and on Wednesday afternoon. For the remainder of the week the Princess will be dark. On Monday evening, May 13, "The Lion and the Mouse," by Charles Klein, comes to the King street theatre for a week's engagement.

"His House in Order" is a play of very unusual merit in point of construction, and, as acted by John Drew and the company associated with him, it is reputed to be quite charming and satisfying. Mr. Drew is an accomplished actor—an actor, too, of matured judgment; and his appearance in Toronto in this play, which has enjoyed a very large measure of success both in London and New York will be looked forward to with no little interest.

Mr. Drew has a new leading lady this year—Miss Margaret Illington, who won a distinct triumph in the role of the girl who outwits Millionaire Ryder in "The Lion and the Mouse" when it was produced in London.

The story of "His House in Order" is in brief as follows: Filmer lesson, M.P., a staid, conventional Englishman, has taken for his second wife the young governess, Nina, who cared for his first wife's child. The young woman—light-hearted and frivolous—is despised and harassed by her predecessor's relatives. A sister of his first wife becomes Mr. Jesson's housekeeper and really mistress of his house, so that it may be "in order"; and other members of her family also practically live with him. They all constantly remind Nina of the virtues of the former Mrs. Jesson, and heap insults upon her. Just when matters are approaching a crisis Jesson's little son chances upon a lot of letters written by the dead woman, showing that all through her married life she had carried on a clandestine love affair. Nina reads and returns the letter, and finally shows them to Jesson's brother, who, pitying her, shows them to the husband. The latter then urbanely but firmly intimates to his dead wife's relatives that they must leave, and that he will proceed anew to put his house "in order."

As the brother, Hilary Jesson, who is successful as a husband-reformer, Mr. Drew has an attractive role, full of possibilities for the display of his agreeable talents as an actor.

FOR the week commencing May 6, at Shea's Theatre, "The Stunning Grenadiers" will head the bill, which also includes Tom Nawn and Company, in "Pat and the Genii"; Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry; Julia Agnes O'Connor, Toronto's favorite vaudeville soprano; Nicholas Sisters, Mareena, Nevaro, Mareena; Exposition Four and Carroll and Cooke.

CHARLES KLEIN, whose play, "The Lion and the Mouse," which comes to the Princess Theatre on Monday evening, May 13, has made a notable success was born in 1867 in London. Following the wish of his parents, he began the study of law, but after a brief period he abandoned it for the profession of writing. He came to America in 1892 and, attracted by the stage as a field for his literary ability, he became an actor, so that he might study at close range the technique of the drama. His first play, "By Proxy," was produced in 1891. "Heartsease," produced by Henry Miller, and "El Captain," by De Wolf Hopper, may be said to have estab-

lished the author's status in the dramatic field. In recent years he has written "A Royal Rogue" for Jefferson De Angelis, "The Hon. John Grishby" for Frank Keenan, and "The District Attorney," for William A. Brady. With Lee Arthur he collaborated on "The Auctioneer," in which David Warfield made his stellar debut. Klein also provided for this actor "The Music Master." In his latest play, "The Lion and the Mouse," Mr. Klein illustrates the influence of the money power in American politics to-day.

PLAYGOERS will have an opportunity to witness the stirring American drama "In Old Kentucky" at the Grand next week. Few of this kind of plays have stood the test of time like this romance of the bluegrass country. It has been presented continuously for fourteen years. The piece is full of "heart interest," and fun, as well. The jolly little pickaninnies are just as comical as of yore although of a fresher vintage than the little darkies, now grown up, who disported themselves in the original production. It is to be expected that the patrons of the Grand will feel their pulses throb as of old over the race scene and the glorious victory of "Queen Bess," the game little Kentucky mare at the Lexington race track, with plucky Madge Brierley riding, and saving the fortunes of the man she loves. There is also the remarkable barn yard scene of the pickaninnies, and many other novel and exciting features. A good cast of players and a costly scenic equipment are promised.

DALLAS WELFORD is at the Princess this week and his appearance in the role of the funny little cockney bouncer, Mr. Hopkinson, has been quite as effective as on his former visit this season. He and his company are also playing another of Carton's farce comedies, "Public Opinion," with very considerable success.

THE Grand has another very amusing attraction this week, "The Arrival of Kitty," a farce comedy with plenty of songs and special-



Marie Quinn As Madge Brierley in the play "In Old Kentucky," coming to the Grand next week.

ty turns. Miss Eveleen Dunmore, who takes the role of Kitty, is pleasing beyond expectation. Her singing is very enjoyable, and her prettiest songs make a decided hit every evening. E. P. Bower and James J. Byrne are very agreeable fun makers. Other members of the company do specialties that prove popular.

"THE Red Owl," a little Gillette play, is the chief excitement at Shea's this week. Of the other turns on the bill, which is a very good one, the best are the six Glinserretis, acrobats, who do some remarkable stunts; the Musical Avolas, Franz Ebert, the Lilliputian in his play, "Dan Cupid," and Scott and Wilson, eccentric acrobats.

WORD comes from New York that the Shuberts have "joined the trust." At all events it seems that Klaw & Erlanger and the Shuberts have got together to their mutual advantage. As the new Royal Alexandra Theatre now being erected on King street, Toronto, has been announced as a Shubert enterprise, which would be operated as an independent high-class play-house, theatregoers here are speculating as to what will be the outcome of the recently announced amalgamation. One thing is practically certain. There will be only one high-class theatre in Toronto next season. That is to say, there will be no competition between the Princess and the new the-

atre, as both will be practically under the same executive head. It is probable that the Alexandra will be made the high-class house and that the Princess will be utilized for the attractions that will be placed upon the new vaudeville circuit.

The Changeable Man.
He said: "I'll go and seek my fate, I'll pop the question, as to that!" And thinking that attire had weight He changed his hat.

Remembering that women seem To trust completely to the eye Before they lapse in love's young dream, He changed his tie.

"And," he observed, "one's footwear must Be very stylish when he woos." The pair he wore was flecked with dust— He changed his shoes.

"A woman's queer," he murmured then, "She estimates my hat and boot And tie"—and so he stopped again And changed his suit.

He started out and tried to plan The way to pop the question best; Came back, and, after thoughtful scan, He changed his vest.

Alas! the lovelorn maiden waits And tries to call herself resigned; The man no longer hesitates— He changed his mind!

One of Many.
I wiggled from the nine hole Of piker clerks and drones, And ran a shoestring bank roll Up to a million bones.

I shot at every market, And cashed most every day; But suddenly my target Took wings, and soared away.

The pendulum of finance Swung out so far it popped. We soon found out, Beyond a doubt, The bloomin' thing had stopped.

It left me where I started, A pertuse piker clerk, My wife's red hot, My bank roll's shot, So I must go to work.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

A reunion of former students of the Goderich High School and Collegiate Institute is to be held in Goderich on Thursday and Friday, August 22 and 23, 1907. Ex-students are requested to send their present address to Mr. William Lane, secretary G. C. I. Ex-Students' Reunion, Goderich, Ont., stating in what year they entered the school. On receipt of this the secretary will forward information in regard to the reunion, special railway rates.

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There have been various rumors in the trade and elsewhere during the past few months regarding this firm. Such rumors were made without any foundation whatever, and were merely nothing but the wildest of guesses made by parties who had heard something was afoot, yet were unable to ascertain or obtain any inkling of their future plans.

The R. S. Williams & Sons Company, Limited, one of the oldest established music houses in Canada, positively deny any such rumor, and wish to announce that they are extending their piano department, and completely reorganizing same to a greater and larger extent than ever before, whereby they will keep before the public Canada's greatest piano in the Grand New Scale Williams, together with their other extensive agencies with which they have just placed large orders, including the Weber pianos, Krydner pianos, Kohler-Campbell pianos, Simplex Interior Player pianos. A very cordial invitation is extended to all to visit their most complete and up-to-date show-rooms at 143 Yonge street, when daily demonstrations of any of their various lines are cheerfully given.

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APRIL, from a Toronto point of view, has been an attractive month for opera lovers, the production of anything better than comic opera and musical comedy being of rare occurrence in the field of the lyric drama. Early in the month we had a most enjoyable presentation of Puccini's opera, "Madam Butterfly," by the Savage English Opera Company; the closing days of the month witnessed brilliant performances of Italian opera. The three productions of the San Carlo Company, which took place at Massey Hall on Friday evening and Saturday afternoon and evening of last week, proved to be very satisfactory, both in regard to the distribution of the cast of principals and the composition of the orchestra. The great event of the series, judged from the point of view of public interest, was the "Traviata" revival, which was given on Saturday night before a representative audience that crowded the auditorium. One must be frank and say that it was not the opera which attracted so large an audience, but the announcement that Mme. Nordica would appear in the title role. Her admirers, who can be numbered by hundreds in this city, naturally seized the first opportunity that had been offered them of hearing her in opera. The experience of the evening showed that Mme. Nordica is an actress of more than average talent. She threw into her part a good deal of pathos and passion, especially in the later scenes. As to her voice, that is still of beautiful quality, while she sings with as much finish as ever. Her "Fors e lui" was a beautiful exposition of alternate expressive and florid singing. She had the advantage of being assisted in the associate leading part of Alfredo by the distinguished Spanish tenor, Senor Constantino, the possessor of a fine voice of glorious ring in the upper notes and with a fervent style of expression. He made a success that divided the honors with the prima donna. Signor Galperin came next in importance, and sang Geronte's air, "Di provenza," with much beauty of voice and artistic style, but, unfortunately, with a decided tremolo. The orchestra, which numbered about forty musicians, was of excellent quality, both in the strings and wind, and played Verdi's rather bald instrumentation with much efficiency and with considerable refinement in spite of the composer's bad scoring for the brass. At the Saturday matinee there was a double bill, consisting of Donizetti's opera buffa, "Don Pasquale" (two acts only), and Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana." Alice Neilson, of "Fortune Teller" fame, who, since she was here, has studied and sung in Europe, made a charming Norina, acting with much chic and abandon, and singing with winning transparency and purity of voice. Signor Barocchi was the Don, and acted with an untutoredness of comedy far removed from the buffoonery of the modern comic opera. Sacchetti, as Ernesto, and Fornari, as Doctor Malatesta, were satisfactory exponents of their roles. The opera is a brilliant specimen of the light opera comique, being gay and effervescent without a trace of vulgarity, either in its music or its action. As the third act was omitted, the audience was deprived of the pleasure of hearing the famous Serenade. The Mascagni opera was most noteworthy for the appearance of Signorina Tarquini (Santuzza), a singer of good voice and a sufficiency of dramatic power. The intermezzo was admirably played by the orchestra. On the opening night (Friday) the opera was Puccini's "La Boheme," with Alice Neilson as Mimi and Constantino as Rodolfo. Miss Neilson was very appealing as the ill-fated heroine, and sang her music most artistically. Her voice has gained both in flexibility and breadth since she was first heard in Toronto. The conductor of the company is Signor Conti, who proved himself a most capable director.

As previously announced, Mr. F. H. Kirkpatrick, Ph.B., principal of the Conservatory School of Expression, presented Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" as a dramatic monologue, in the Conservatory Music Hall, on Tuesday evening. This phase of dramatic interpretation is exceedingly interesting, since it combines the careful analysis of the play and the creative powers and dramatic instinct of the actor. Without the aid of scenery or stage appliances, the reader gave a scholarly, suggestive and vivid interpretation of the speeches, characters, scenes and plot of the play. The impersonations of Brutus, Cassius and Antony deserve particular mention, although as so often is the case, the minor characters were not slighted. The great oration of Antony was interpreted with great subtlety, naturalness and climatic effect, while the introduction of the citizens' speeches gave added point and significance to the development of the oration. The versatility of the reader was well tested and amply demonstrated in the scenes between Brutus and Cassius, especially in the quarrel scene. As a concrete study of the philosophy of the stoics, the impersonation of Brutus in the garden scene was splendidly read, while the death of Brutus was rendered the more pathetic through the reader's excellent resonance and tone-color of voice. Others who contributed to this delightful programme were Miss Mary L. Caldwell, whose rendition of "Concert Waltz," by Strauss-Schutt, was exceptionally fine, and Mr. H. J. Lutz, who sang his own composition, "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose," with excellent taste, and also Schubert's "Who is Sylvia?"

The recital of Miss Helen Kirby Ferguson, the Toronto contralto, at the Margaret Eaton School of Expression hall, on April 25, was a most gratifying triumph for her and for Mrs. Ryan-Burke, of whom she is a pupil. Miss Ferguson has been gifted by nature with a most attractive voice, rich and even, and she has moreover warmth of temperament. But the evidences she revealed at this recital of artistic phrasing, of tone production, and of easy management of the voice, must be credited to the careful instruction of her teacher. One can also praise highly her enunciation, which was exceptionally clear. Her opening number, "Caro mio ben," by Giordano, was rendered with fine shades of tone color and subtle feeling, while later Brahms' "Sapphic Ode" revealed a keen appreciation of the spirit of the composition.

Piano, organ and vocal pupils of Dr. F. H. Torrington played the following programme at the Toronto College of Music on Wednesday evening, April 24: Organ: Batiste, Vox Celeste; Smart, Marcia in G, Estelle Slater. Piano: Chopin, Nocturne in E flat; Mendelssohn, "Spring Song," Cecilia Riddell; Chopin-Bercesse, Liszt "Rigoletto," Alma Clarke; Chopin, Polonaise in A flat, Dollie Blair; Chopin, Polonaise in E flat, Molina O'Connor. Vocal: Haydn, "My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair," Eveline Ashworth; Mendelssohn, duo, "I Will Sing of Thy Mercy" (Hymn of Praise), Eveline Ashworth and W. A. Torrance; Wagner, "Elsa's Dream" (Lohengrin), Margaret Casey; Mendelssohn, "If With All Your Hearts," W. A. Torrance; Wagner, "Elizabeth's Prayer" (Tannhauser); Handel, "O Had I Jubal's Lyre" (Joshua), Alvena Springer.

Dr. Torrington has every reason to be gratified with the undoubted success of his talented pupil, Alma Victoria Clarke, of Victoria, B.C., who, on Monday evening, April 29, gave a piano recital at the Toronto College of Music. Miss Clarke, although so young a student, has a remarkably good memory and a clear technique, and one is confident that she will make her mark as a pianist. Her numbers were: (a) Rachmaninoff, Prelude in C sharp minor, (b) Prudent, Le Reve d'Ariel, (c) Verdi-Liszt, "Rigoletto"; (a) Chopin, Bercesse, (b) Gottschalk, Il Trovatore; Liszt, Rhapsodie No. 12; Chopin, Grande Polonaise, Op. 22 (with the orchestral accompaniment played on a second piano by Dr. Torrington). Vocal numbers were rendered by Nina Coad, of Brockville, and Deborah Caldwell, of Marmora, also pupils of Dr. Torrington.

There was a large gathering at Bloor street Presbyterian Church on Tuesday evening last, when the choir, under the able conductorship of their organist and choirmaster, Mr. E. J. Pull, rendered a service of praise that will be favorably remembered for some time by all those who were fortunate enough to be present. The programme opened with that fine composition of Woodward's, "The Radiant Morn," and for which the choir are worthy of great praise, the singers following their conductor's baton intelligently, attacking with promptitude and certainty, and their shading was exceptionally fine. A striking feature of the chorus work was the accompaniment of the violins, played by Miss Katherine Bastedo, whose graceful bowing and finished technique was remarked, and indicated that she is evidently study-

ing with a good master, Mr. Roberts (one of the Toronto String Quartette), Mr. Hulhans and Mr. Woodward, with Miss Lois Winlow, who is so well known to Toronto audiences at the cello. Mrs. Killer presided with much acceptance at the piano, which, by the bye, was a magnificent Baby Grand. Perhaps the choicest items of the evening for choir work were "Sweet and Low," Burnley (unaccompanied), and "Grant us Thy Peace," the latter being worked up to a great climax through the strict attention shown to the conductor. Mrs. Emerson Reid sang with beautiful expression the "Serenade of Bragas," with violin obligato, and Miss C. Beacock created a very favorable impression by her singing of "The Day is Ended," Bartlett. Mention must also be made of Miss Flora Higgins, contralto, whose beautiful sonorous voice has only to be listened to to be thoroughly appreciated, and which should be oftener heard in Toronto. Her rendering of "Ave Maria," Mascagni, being extremely fine. Miss Pentecost, who is so well known, sang with much style "Like as the Heart Desireth," Frances Allitsen. The Heather Male Quartette, a well-known organization, sang two numbers with rare taste. Mr. E. McGurnie, one of the quartette, has been appointed as second tenor soloist at this church, Mr. R. Hogg and Mr. Carl McEachern having been soloists there for some little time. Not the least attractive feature of the programme was the duet, "The Wing of a Dove," Watson, sung by Mr. Quarrington, the baritone, and Miss Higgins. Mr. Marshall officiated at the organ in a masterly manner. Mr. Pull is to be congratulated on having brought the choir to so high a standard of efficiency in so short a time, and the public will undoubtedly hear more of him, as well as of his choir.

The music committee of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, corner of Bathurst street and Spadina avenue, are seeking an organist and choirmaster, the present incumbent of the position, Mr. Horace McDougall, having resigned.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough gave an invitation recital by four of his advanced pupils before a large audience in the Nordheimer Hall last Saturday afternoon. The programme included Schumann's Andante with Variations, Op. 46, for two pianos, played by Miss May Brady and Mr. T. M. Sargeant; Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2, Mr. Sargeant; the same composer's air and variations from the Sonata, Op. 26, Miss Brady; the "Witches' Dance," MacDowell, by Miss Mabel Tolchard, who also gave Mendelssohn's Capriccio Brillante, Op. 22, with accompaniment, second piano by Miss May Brady; Liszt's Liebestraum in A flat, by Miss Eva Johnston, who afterwards played "To the Evening Star" (Wagner-Liszt) and Chopin's Nocturne in C major, Op. 37, played by Mr. T. M. Sargeant. The performance of these young people showed a considerable degree of technical and musical ability. Two songs, Alicia Needham's "Hay-making," and Lane's "Carmenita," were charmingly sung by Miss Lottie Watson, a pupil of Mr. Arthur Blight.

A very large audience attended the piano recital in the Normal School on Thursday of last week by Miss Valborg Martine Zollner, a pupil of W. O. Forsyth, when she again demonstrated her mastery gifts as a pianiste of very brilliant attainments, both musically and technically. Her programme opened with a fine performance of the first movement of Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata, which was followed by a big and moving performance of Chopin's seldom-played Polonaise in F sharp minor. Her second group of pieces included a prelude and etude by Chopin, a lovely duet from Op. 52, and "The Haunting Valse" from Op. 17, by Moszkowski, and a prelude and fugue in D major, written by herself. The latter is a largely conceived work, the fugue being particularly interesting and splendidly developed. This work speaks in no uncertain way of Miss Zollner's splendid talents as a creative musician, as it is original and shows a large command of this very difficult form of composition. Miss Zollner's third and last group consisted of Tausig's arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to the Dance," which was most bewitchingly performed, and a pathetic prelude for left-hand alone by the Russian composer, Scriabine, and the Ninth Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt. In these pieces the pianiste produced some beautiful effects in tone, and frequently startled her hearers with her brilliant technical feats in all kinds of difficult passages. Miss Zollner has the temperament and gifts to reach great heights in her art, judging from her present achievement, which has been developed in so short a time. Miss Colin Campbell, a very artistic contralto, sang two songs well.

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Miss Birdie Luttrell's concert in Association Hall on Tuesday evening was well attended, and Miss Luttrell, who made her debut as a reader, won a decided success. Miss Luttrell has a pleasing presence, a flexible voice and recites with versatile intelligence. She was assisted by those favorite artists, Mrs. Le Grand Reed, soprano, and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, pianist, both of whom again scored conspicuous triumphs.



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ANECDOTE



ONE night last winter a stock com-
pany was playing "Othello" to
a large and enthusiastic audience. At
the point in the fifth act where Othello
cries, "It is too late!" and smothered
Desdemona with a pillow, the audi-
ence was aroused to a high pitch of
excitement. Suddenly a burst of
convulsive laughter pealed down from
the gallery. Othello at first paid no
attention to the disturbance and went
on with his lines: "Not dead! not
yet quite dead!" when another and
more uproarious guffaw, coupled with
the contagious giggling of a hundred
women, struck terror to the hearts
of the actors and made the continu-
ance of the performance impossible.
Othello arose in a rage, strode down
stage, and called the curtain.

Next morning, while the leading
man was at breakfast, the waitress
who brought his dishes whispered
apologetically: "Perhaps I am to
blame for the trouble at the play last
night, sir."

"How is that?" inquired the actor
with a frown, for he had just finished
reading the morning paper and had
received a severe blow to his pride.
"I'm awfully sorry, sir," she re-
plied, "but really I couldn't help
laughing. If there's anything tickles
me, it's a pillow fight!"

A WHOLE-SOULED citizen the
other evening received the jolt
of his career as a parent. While
reading the evening paper the door
bell rang, and a parcel from a big
department store was announced. The
cost was thirty cents, and he gave
his little bright-eyes, a girl of six,
a two dollar bill with which to pay
the boy. Half an hour later the sub-
ject recurred to him.

"Here, Mabel," he said, "where is
that money I gave you for the boy?"
"Why, papa," was little bright-
eyes' reply, "I did the same as you
did yesterday with the newsboy, I
told him to keep the change."

A PHOTOGRAPHER was urging
Charles Frohman, the theatrical
manager, to sit for his photograph
for the Easter number of a popular
weekly; but this, as usual, Mr. Froh-
man refused to do.

The photographer, a fluent, persua-
sive chap, advanced reason after
reason why the other should break
his rule and sit.

"Those reasons sound well," Mr.
Frohman said, "but behind them I
seem to see an ulterior and selfish
motive lurking. It is like the har-
rowing story that the lawyer came
home and told his wife.

"Sad case in court to-day," he
began.

"What was it?" the lady asked.
"Case of shoplifting. Beautiful,
refined woman, educated and wealthy,
was caught stealing things in shops
like a common thief.

"The judge was greatly moved.

He said:

"Madam, how did you begin this
sort of thing?"

"Alas, sir," she answered, weep-
ing, "I began by picking my hus-
band's pockets at night, after he was
in bed asleep. That was the first
step, and after it my fall was easy."

UNITED STATES Senator Till-
man, attacking a certain measure,
said: "The penalty this measure im-
poses is unjust. It makes the offender
pay twice. It is like an incident that
occurred one night in a Pennsylvania
restaurant. A patron, dining in the
restaurant with his wife, said to the
waiter, when his bill was brought:
"Waiter, one item is wrong here.
We didn't have three plates of soup.
We only had two."

"Pardon me, boss," said the waiter.
You forgot the plate what I spilled
over the lady's dress."

PETER Finley Dunne, the author of
"Mr. Dooley," was once staying
in the country with a well-known
banker, who, being impressed by the
beautiful surrounding scenery, sug-
gested that they take a walk the next
morning at six o'clock.
"Thank you," replied Mr. Dunne,
but I never walk in my sleep."

ENRIQUE CREEL, the new Mex-
ican Ambassador at Washington
said at a recent dinner, apropos of
unpleasant truths:

"Why should we ever tell them?
They are always unnecessary, and
how they wound! I have heard of an
American countess or duchess—I for-
get which—who said to her noble
husband, fondly.

"You were embarrassed when you
proposed to me, Percival, were you
not?"

"Yes," the man answered; "I owed
£60,000."

WHO was the first femme coquere?

To the Princess de Metternich,
a lady of quality in the fullest mean-
ing of the word, who flourished under
the Second Empire—this honor must
be accorded, says the London Chron-
icle. For in the days when the
woman "whip" was a very rare spec-
tacle indeed this dauntless dame was
frequently to be seen driving her
phaeton through Paris.

One day two facetious youths took
it into their heads to signal her.
"Pst! coquere!" The Princess enter-
ed into the spirit of the joke. She
drew up.

"By the hour," said the two, seat-
ing themselves. "Where?" "Bois de
Boulogne."

She whipped up without another
word and drove off to the Bois.

After a silent tour of something
over an hour the merry twain began
to tire and asked to be put down.

"Very good, citizens," said the
coquere, depositing them and holding
out her hand. "My fare is three
hundred francs (£12) an hour—for
my poor."

In the event the laugh proved to
be on her side.

THERE is a certain western sen-
ator, whose burly appearance
might possibly lead one to mistake
him for a laboring man, but who is
as sensitive as a woman to all un-
pleasant circumstances.

He happened one night to be stand-
ing on the sidewalk outside of an
undertaking establishment, convers-
ing with a friend on some important
political matter. One of the em-
ployees of the shop approached them
and said, "Say, will you give me a
lift with a casket?" The senator
shuddered, and said hesitatingly, "Is
there—is there—anything—in it?"

"Sure," came the hearty reply;
"there's a couple of drinks in it."

EMANUEL LASKER, the chess
expert, was recently discussing
the ethics of a certain style of play.

"Well," he ended, laughing, "I sup-
pose it is all right; but it is intricate,
eh? It is like the subject discussed
in the debating society.

"Is it wrong—that was the sub-
ject of debate—Is it wrong to cheat
a lawyer?"

"The decision after three hours'
argument was:

"Not wrong, but too difficult to
pay for the trouble."

AFTER years of waiting, a young
lady admirer of Kipling at last
"You!" she cried, staring at the
author. "You, you are Rudyard Kip-
ling!"

Naturally Kipling felt embarrassed.

"Yes—" he murmured modestly.

The lady continued to marvel.

"But I thought," she finally explained,
"I thought you were—oh, how shall
I say it?—something quite, quite
different!"

"Oh, I am," Kipling hastened to
tell her in a very confidential tone.

"I am, madam. Only, you see, this
is my day off."

THE Rev. Dr. William H. Fis-
burn, pastor of the First Presby-
terian Church, Camden, Pa., is one of
the jolliest and most sunshiny men in
the world, and likes nothing better
than a good, wholesome joke, even if
it is turned against himself. He was
visited in his home on last St. Pat-
rick's day by a prosperous looking
couple who desired his kindly offices
in making them one. The man was
an ironmaster from Pittsburg and the
bride-elect was a Jersey woman. The
business was quickly dispatched, and
the happy bridegroom came to the
question so many in like fix ask the
clergyman: "Just suit yourself as to
that," said Dr. Fisburn as his eyes
rested upon a thick roll of bills the
ironmaster had dug out of his trou-
ser's pocket. "Well," said the newly-
made husband, "as this is the seven-
teenth of March, I'll make it \$17, and
good luck to you."

"My friend," said the dominie, "I
wish you the greatest happiness in
the world, but if ever you happen to
want me again just call around on
the thirty-first of the month."

"No, sir," replied the bridegroom as
he walked away, "I'll come on the
first."

A SMALL neglected graveyard in
Galway was reputed to be
haunted by a ghost, which an English
gentleman stopping in the neighbor-
hood undertook to lay. Going out
not far from midnight he did, indeed,
soon become aware of a white figure
looming toward him through the dark-
ness. The Englishman, however,
held on his way undeterred.

"Ghost," he said in sepulchral tones
when he came near, "could you drink
a glass of whiskey?"

"I could so, your honor," blithely
responded the ghost, taken off his bal-
ance by the unexpected offer, and
standing revealed as the principal
poacher of the neighborhood, who had
availed himself of this spectral guise
to set his night lines and carry on
his other depredations undisturbed.

A NUMBER of years ago there
were two men in the employ of
the Santa Fe Railway who were
named Davis. One was James A.
Davis, who was then in charge of
the railroad's industrial department.
The other Davis was in charge of the
railroad's refrigerator line. James
Davis was a "hot air" artist whom
the company always selected two
"jolly" State Legislatures.

The other Davis was also a genial
fellow, but owing to the fact that he
had charge of the iced goods which
went over the road and could not
hold a candle to James A. when it
came to talking things out of people,
he acquired the reputation of being
somewhat chilly.

One day the president pushed the
office boy's bell button and the young
autocrat hastily put in an appearance.

"Boy," said the president, "tell Mr.
Davis that I would like to see him
right away."

The boy started for the door, hesi-
tated, thought a moment, and then
turning to the president he said:

"Mr. Davis, sir?"

"Yes, Mr. Davis."

"Hot or cold?"

W. BOURKE COCKRAN, at a St.
Patrick's Day dinner, told a
story of an Irishman who was talk-
ing about the case of Baring Gould,
whose obituary was recently printed
by mistake Mr. Gould still being hap-
pily in circulation: "So," said the
Irishman, "they've printed the fun-
eral notice as a man that ain't dead
yet, how they? Faith, an' it's a nice
fix he'd be in now if he was wan o'
them people that believes everything
they see in the papers."

AT a private musicale recently,
given by a prominent society
woman, there were present a number
of American composers, among them
Victor Herbert.

In the absence of one of the sing-
ers scheduled to appear, a certain
young woman was asked to sing some-
thing of Herbert's. After many ob-
jections and protestations, evidently
for effect, the young woman finally
made her way to the piano.

"I shall sing the serenade from Mr.
Herbert's opera of that name," said
she, addressing the company gener-
ally. Then, in a whisper to Herbert,
she added:

"But, oh, Mr. Herbert, I'm so afraid
I can't sing it!"

"Never mind," responded Herbert
reassuringly; "I am, too."

THE small son of an electrician
was spending his first summer
in the country, at the home of his
grandparents. One morning, while
playing in the garden, he found a
small yellow "bug," and as his grand-
father had promised to take him fish-
ing that afternoon, he decided to catch
it to use as bait. A few seconds
later a most astonishing commotion,
considering the size of the cause
thereof, arose in the garden, and
grandmother hurried out from the
house.

"Why, what is the matter, child?"
she asked, taking the little fellow in
her arms.

"I don't know," was the reply. "I
was catching a pretty yellow bug, an'
must have touched a live wire."

A PROMINENT government offi-
cial entered the dining-room of
a western hotel and endeavored to
attract attention to his wants by vio-
lently tapping the small hand-bell on
the table before him. After some
time had elapsed a young woman ap-
peared.

"Was that you ringing?" she in-
quired brusquely.

"Yes," replied the official hope-
fully; "I—"

"Well," interrupted the fair one as
she turned on her heel, "please don't
do it again!"

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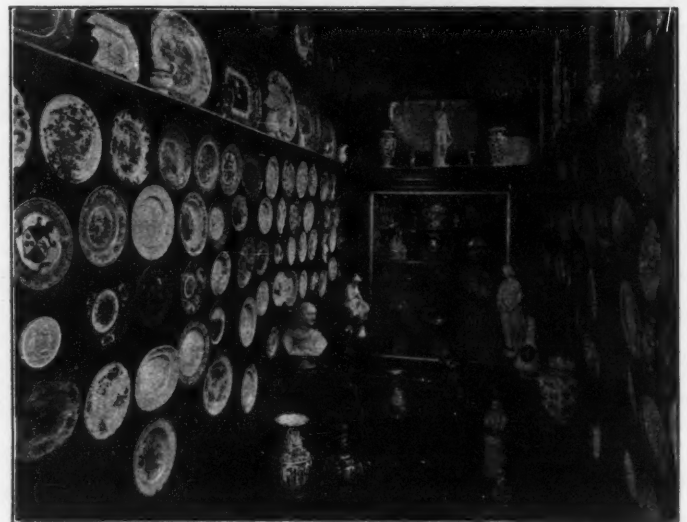
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Model 412. "Madame Irene" Corset white only, a beautifully made long hip Corset with six garters. Medium, high and extra high bust, made of finest French coutil, extra length from waist down. The six garters are attached to a soft piece on Corset which gives the extra length without any way binding the figure or giving an uncomfortable feeling. Price \$6.00 while sitting or standing.

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THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT —FOR 1906 OF—

The Mutual Life of Canada

GIVES THE STANDING OF THE COMPANY AT
DECENNIAL PERIODS AS FOLLOWS:

| INCOME. | ASSETS | SURPLUS. | BUSINESS IN FORCE. |
|------------|-----------|------------|--------------------|
| 1876 | \$ 43,493 | \$ 81,106 | \$ 13,980 |
| 1886 | 315,802 | 909,489 | 9,774,543 |
| 1896 | 760,403 | 3,392,687 | 20,001,462 |
| 1906 | 2,072,428 | 10,385,539 | 46,912,407 |

With a larger volume of business to be taken care of, the expenses of the Company for 1906, including taxes, were \$10,224.36 less than in 1905, while the ratio of expense to income was the lowest of any Canadian Company.

Automobile Notes

Matters of Current Interest to
Motorists.

THE chairman of the racing board of the American Automobile Association has not settled upon the exact date of the racing board meeting, but it will likely be May 15. Last year the entries for the Vanderbilt cup race closed on July 1. but this year the lists will not be closed until July 15 or August 1, with a probable provision that belated entries will be accepted afterward upon payment of an increased entry fee. following the practice in vogue abroad for the big French and German contests. Though no date has been definitely set for either the Vanderbilt race or for the trials to select the American team for the contest Mr. Thompson said that he favored a date about two weeks later than usual as the weather is more likely to be favorable then.

It is possible that the American elimination trials will be run on the Saturday before the main event, instead of two weeks before, as has been the case heretofore. This, however, has not been decided upon definitely, but will be settled when the board holds its meeting next month. most of the conditions governing entries worked out, with the exception of a few details regarding the weight limit to be imposed. It is not expected that there will be any radical changes in the weight limit, as most of the foreign racers under construction are declared to be of about the same weight as that which has heretofore been imposed in all great international contests—2,204 pounds, or 1,000 kilos.

Captain Lord Herbert Scott, D.S.O., fourth son of the Duke of Buccleuch, who is resigning his commission in order to enter the motor trade, gained distinction in the South African war. He was A.D.C. to Lord Roberts, and afterwards served with the Guards' Mounted Infantry. Lord Herbert has also held staff appointments in India and Malta, and, in spite of the aristocratic nature of his family, has the same leaning to business affairs which distinguishes his elder brother, the Earl of Dalkeith. Lord Herbert Scott is entering the firm of Messrs. Rolls-Royce, Limited, of London, as a director, and, if the fascination of the motor runs in families, he should be of great use to the firm, for he has Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, the editor of The Car, as cousin.

The latest automobile scheme is a projected motor-car service between London and Paris. Cars carrying five passengers are to leave London every Friday, beginning next month, at eight o'clock in the morning and journeying down to Folkestone in time to make the noon boat across the channel. On the French side the car will leave Boulogne at half-past two and reach Paris by eight in the evening. Returning, the car will leave Paris by eight o'clock on Monday morning. The fare for the round trip will be twelve guineas.

One of the New York clubs has started a bail bureau for the convenience of such of its members as are enthusiastic automobilists and occasionally get into trouble late at night with the police over the speed ordinances. Few men would care to awaken even an intimate friend after midnight and request him to attire himself and come to the police station with the deed of his house in his pocket. The night clerk of this club, however, has facilities at hand at all hours, and on being notified by telephone or by messenger makes the necessary arrangements with despatch.

One of the first questions which the prospective purchaser used to ask of the salesman two or three years ago was: "How much does it cost to run your car?" says The Motor World. And though enquiries were frequent and pressing, the answers were vague and uncertain, and it was common knowledge that if the expense were to be considered at all seriously few cars would be sold. Ultimately, however, one of the few perpetual interrogations of the industry came to be this one of the cost; and the clubs and associations of users and dealers failing signally to come to any decision in the matter, the makers set out to discover for themselves what it was and how it might be reduced. This now has come to be a sort of specialty with several makers who are making great stock in their advertising of the results obtained by practical users of their cars in everyday service.

Two great and good results must accrue from this happy policy. First, the information which reaches the

public from these sources cannot but be beneficial both in stimulating the market and urging other makers to produce cars capable of achieving as good results; and second, the makers who are carrying on this campaign are stimulated to improve the breed of their product from the faults which they see developed by this means, even though poor results may be in part the fault of the user. Thus through trade sources the public is coming to learn the cost of motoring, from which it ultimately is to learn to judge of the respective worth of the different cars; the user is learning to judge of his own skill and economy by comparison of his own with the cost of the average of his class, and the makers are reading in cold type an answer to all their queries in construction and design which from its nature must be correct.

Motor-driven trucks for baggage and mail have been placed experimentally in one of the railroad stations in Philadelphia, and it is expected that they will ultimately supplant the present hand-trucks in all the larger stations. Says the writer of a descriptive note in Railway and Locomotive Engineering of New York:

It often happens that a passenger does not deliver his trunk in the baggage-room until five minutes or less before train time. It is not an uncommon thing to see several baggage porters pushing and tugging at one ordinary heavily loaded hand-truck in their effort to deliver its burden within the allotted time. To-day one may be attracted by a heavily loaded truck running along at a good speed and guided by a man who holds the tongue and starts it simply by pushing a button. The general appearance of the trucks is similar to that of the old hand-pulled ones, but beneath the platform are boxes containing a storage battery and one electric motor. It is important that these trucks must neither run away nor get beyond control if accidentally left standing. In this respect they have proved satisfactory. Their speed is controlled from a small lever fastened on the tongue by which they are steered, and it is further arranged so that if this tongue is dropped or let down the current is shut off and the brakes are put on. A catch is also provided, so that the tongue can be fastened up against the front of the truck, in which position the current is also shut off and the brakes are held on the same as when it is on the ground.

Consecration.

If I vowed to-night that I would be
God's own from this day on,
To do His will, whatever betide,
Would all my joys be gone?

To leave my cosy couch at night
In answer to His call,
To help some doubt-racked soul to
life.
To check some sinner's fall.

To give up all my heart's desire
Obedient to His will,
Remembering that for all this done
My cup of joy He'll fill!

Full many a time my stubborn heart
Might crossly Him refuse,
And many a burden grievous sore
Would urge me to abuse.

Yet not in this short life on earth
Shall we our pleasures gain,
But shall, when life's long task is o'er
Eternal joy attain.

Then is it right to thus deny
Ourselves to Him below,
When we know well that He will
then
For ever joy bestow?

H. W.

Toronto, April '07.

Philadelphia and Atlantic City Pennsylvania Railroad's attractive Service.

Leave Toronto, Canadian Pacific, 5.20 p.m. daily; Grand Trunk, 5.00 p.m., daily, and connect at Buffalo with through train of high-grade Pullman sleeping cars and coaches, leaving Buffalo at 9.00 p.m., for Philadelphia, connecting in Broad street Station for Atlantic City, via Delaware River Bridge Route. This is the route to America's greatest resort, and spring is its most attractive season. Address B. P. Fraser, P.A.B.D., 307 Main street, Buffalo.

Tomlini (to his publisher)—Why does your new catalogue enter my novel under medical works?

"Because it has been considered an excellent remedy for insomnia."—Translated from *Il Motto per Ridere*.

"Papa, how many stars are there?"
"You will know that when you are older my son, and then—suddenly interested—and then you can tell me."—Translated from *"Le Figaro."*



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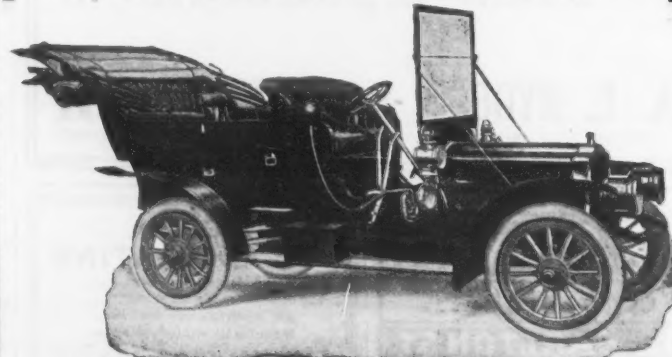


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SOCIETY

The Exhibition of Applied Arts closed last Saturday with a musical arranged by Mrs. Edward Fisher, which was the magnet to draw a very large and smart attendance, most of whom had become thoroughly familiar with the merits of the exhibition on more than one previous visit. Mrs. Murray Alexander was hostess of the tea, and the afternoon closed in a chorus of praise and congratulations to the directors and exhibitors. Quite a number of the pretty and clever exhibits found purchasers during the show.

Dr. and Mrs. Warren and Miss Norah are at 142 Bloor street west since leaving Closeburn, which residence is now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Barker.

Mr. and Mrs. Dymont have leased Ravenswood during the absence abroad of Mrs. G. Allan Arthurs, who, accompanied by Mrs. Greene and Miss Betty, will shortly sail for England.

The severe illness of Mr. Allen Cassels, who is now in residence at Gravenhurst, has caused sorrow and regret to his many friends here.

I hear that Mr. Grantham of Albany avenue is another invalid whose friends are in much anxiety over his increased ailment. Mr. Grantham is quite seriously ill.

The Luttrell recital at Association Hall on Tuesday evening, Madame Le Grand Reed and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp assisting, was attended by a large audience, mostly composed of the younger set, many schools being present. Miss Luttrell made a very successful debut, and is a most attractive and clever maiden. Mary Le Grand Reed was all that is charming in person and art, and the only Tripp did magic with the piano. He is certainly a most masterly artist. The fine programme was a delight from one end to the other.

Mr. Hopkinson, that pimple of a man, has been setting the sourest mortal giggling at the Princess this week. Among those who had a good laugh on Tuesday night were Senator Kerr and his charming daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, Mrs. Lizars Smith and her pretty guest, Mrs. Hartley, Mrs. J. F. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Rolland Hills, Mr. Cassels, Mr. Stuart Greer and many others.

The annual camp at Niagara will follow the spring race meeting and the Queen's Royal will be open early in June. This is a delightful time to visit the healthiest spot in Ontario before the heat and dust of summer have fairly begun their work.

In describing an audience to me the other day, a clever and observant girl got off this: "They were the pale blue nun's veiling set, and not a well-dressed head among them." Don't you just exactly see that audience?

Mrs. George Gale will receive in her new home, 88 Kendal avenue, next Monday and Tuesday and on Tuesday evening for the first time since her marriage.

Mrs. S. Franklin Wilson will receive next Monday at 5 Dale avenue, Rosedale, for the last time this season.

On May 9 and 10 the Bardell vs. Pickwick trial will be presented by the members of the Dickens Fellowship, who have the various roles. I hear it will be quite immense, and that so many of the seats have already been spoken for that a third presentation may have to be given. Conservatory Music Hall is the scene of the trouble.

The students of the Ontario Ladies' College, as well as music-loving citizens of Whitby and vicinity, were treated to a delightful concert on Friday evening, when the beautiful concert hall of the college was comfortably filled with an appreciative audience. The recent return from study in Germany of Miss Mitchell, a former student, afforded the opportunity for a charming exhibition of her accomplishments as a pianist. Mr. Rutherford, the violinist, gave several sympathetic accompaniments, as well as some solos himself. They were assisted in the programme by the Misses Bulkley and Emory in pleasing vocal numbers.

At an evening party following a state dinner given by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House on April 17, the name of Miss Melvin-Jones of Llawhaden is mentioned as one of those present. At the Guildhall luncheon, given by the Lord Mayor of London to the Colonial Premiers, Miss Melvin-Jones was one of the small party seated at the head

table. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Field Marshal Earl Roberts, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, and General Botha were of this party. The drive from Hotel Cecil to the Guildhall in six carriages, escorted by mounted police, was more of a royal progress than a drive of a few blocks to luncheon, so enthusiastic was the London populace.

Mrs. D. J. MacKinnon and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Ross MacKinnon, will receive on Monday at 31 Dunbar road, for the last time this season.

The marriage of Mr. Edward S. Chapman to Miss Irene N. Martin, youngest daughter of Mr. Isaiah Martin, was solemnized very quietly in the presence of the immediate relatives only, at three o'clock on Tuesday, April 30, at the Church of St. George the Martyr, John street, by the Rev. Canon Cayley. The bride was given away by her father, and was attended by her sister, Mrs. Charles G. McGill, as matron of honor, and Mr. William Counts was groomsmen. Mr. and Mrs. Chapman left immediately after the ceremony for New York and the Southern States.

Mrs. Warrington entertained at luncheon, at the King Edward, on Thursday, in honor of Madame Bergeron, who left for Ottawa in the evening.

Mr. Victor W. F. Heron, formerly of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, has been appointed manager of the Crown Bank of Canada, corner of Spadina avenue and College street, Toronto.

The last term of the season at the Berlitz school for modern languages begins next week at the Toronto Conservatory of Music. The French classes will be under Prof. G. Gaudet de Lestard, principal of the Berlitz school.

For programme of ideal conducted tour of Europe including France, Switzerland, Italian Lakes, Milan, Genoa, Pisa, Rome, Naples, Florence, Venice, the Black Forest, the storied Rhine and quaint Belgium, saving time and money and seeing the best they offer under best conditions, write Rev. Dr. Withrow, Toronto.

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Norfolk Va., and Return

On account Jamestown Exposition, Lehigh Valley Railroad and its connections the direct route. Tickets via New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington and many variable routes. For further particulars, illustrated literature, maps, time-tables, etc., call at Lehigh Valley Office, 54 King street east.

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS.

RITCHIE—At Orangeville, on April 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Ritchie, a son.

STANDISH—Toronto, on April 26, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. Ira Standish, a son.

BOWMAN—Toronto, April 30, to Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Bowman, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

HENDRY—CAMPBELL—On April 30, 1907, at the residence of the bride's mother, 87 Yorkville avenue, by the Rev. Dr. John Neil of Westminster Church, Edith Clay, second daughter of Mrs. C. M. Campbell, to George Macdonald Hendry, son of Mr. William J. Hendry, all of Toronto.

BUDGE—MILLIGAN—At Toronto, on April 23, by the Rev. T. C. Brown, M.A., of St. Andrew's Church, Frederick Jennings Budge of Port Hope to Willina Jean, only daughter of Andrew S. Milligan. Mr. and Mrs. Budge have gone south, to Philadelphia, Washington and Atlantic City.

FRASER—PAYNE—Vancouver, B.C., March 6, 1907, Henry Wernham Fraser to Ethelwyn Esther Payne.

HAMILTON—BUTCHART—At Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, on April 27, Walter Hamilton, B.S.A., to Agnes Butchart.

DEATHS.

COX—At Toronto, on Tuesday, April 30, 1907, Frederick George Cox.

SULLIVAN—At Toronto, April 28, 1907, Margaret, widow of the late Dion C. Sullivan, LL.D.

THORNTON—At Toronto, on April 27, 1907, E. J. Thornton.

LLOYD—Toronto, April 28, 1907, Benjamin Lloyd, aged 65 years.

DEAN—Toronto, April 27, Anna Margaret Dean, widow of the late Judge Dean of Lindsay.

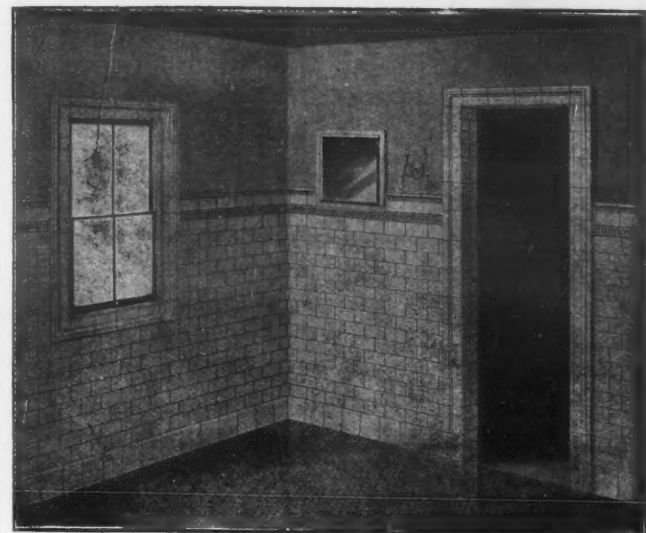
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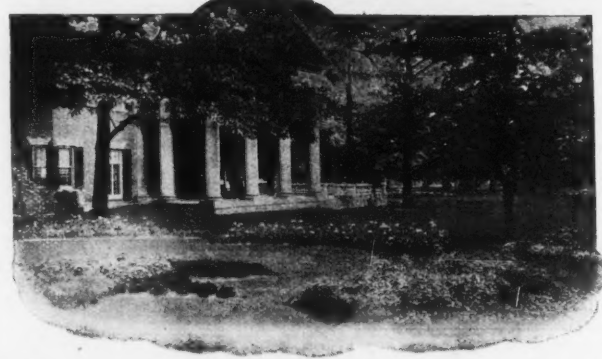
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The glowing tributes that are paid to the Bell Autonola every day best indicate to us the remarkable hold that this instrument has secured upon the attention of people who appreciate the value of having piano music at command, without being able to play a note for themselves.

During the past few weeks we have been taking in part payment practically new grand pianos and uprights. Does this not indicate something to you? Can not we arrange to take yours also, and receive the difference in small sums month by month?

We mail illustrated literature to any address on request.

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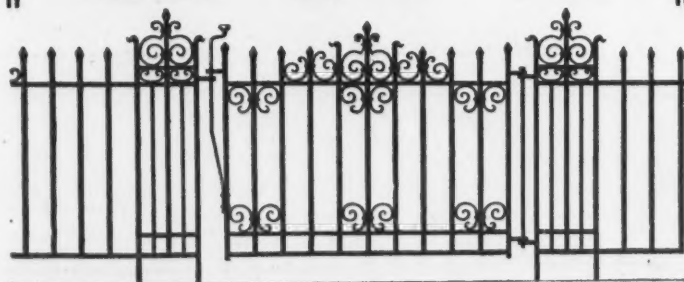
HOW ABOUT YOUR GARDEN?

Those new effects in beds and borders you have planned to have this year will mean selecting your seeds early. We have everything you can want; all the old favorites and the best new varieties. Make a note of it; and remember—RENNIE'S SEEDS never disappoint. If a call is not convenient, we will gladly mail you a copy of our illustrated garden guide.

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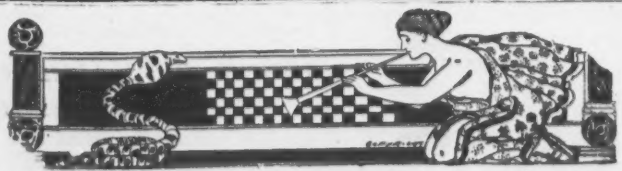
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There's a Charm in cleanliness. There is beauty in neatness. We keep you well supplied with both at a cost that is ridiculously small compared with the results obtained. Think, your personal appearance is everything to your business and social standing.

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Society at the Capital

NOT for a long time has interest been so generally centered in a wedding as was the case with that one which took place on Wednesday at All Saints' Church, when Miss Alice Vera Toller and Mr. Godfrey Benning Greene were the young people whose marriage was consummated amid the most favorable circumstances. Both bride and groom have always lived in Ottawa and were exceedingly popular, even it seems with the clerk of the weather, who after a long period of cold and grey skies gave them on Wednesday an ideal April wedding day. The church for the occasion had been fittingly and prettily decorated by some of the bride's many girl friends, with quantities of lovely white blossoms and ferns. Rev. A. W. MacKay, rector of All Saints', assisted by Rev. J. M. Snowden, performed the ceremony and the full choir was also present. During the signing of the register, Miss Helen Ferguson sang most beautifully the solo "O! Perfect Love." At three o'clock the bridal party arrived and the procession moved slowly up the aisle, preceded by the surpliced choir; after them came the ushers, Mr. Arthur Allan, of Toronto, Mr. Philip Toller, Mr. Howard Hutchison, Mr. D'Arcy McGee and Mr. Harry Fitzgibbon, of Montreal, followed by the maid of honor, Miss Marion Lindsay, and the three bridesmaids, Miss Grace MacLennan, of Cornwall, Miss Edith Fielding and Miss Helen Coulter. Lastly, with her father, came the pretty bride, looking a vision of loveliness in a gown of handsome ivory Duchesse satin made in semi-Empire style, the bodice trimmed with old English thread lace and silver sequins, the sleeves in Japanese effect with ruffles of the same rare lace. Her veil of old rose point, had, with the lace on the bodice, done duty on a similar occasion for the bride's mother, and was most gracefully arranged over a coronet of orange blossoms. A pearl and sapphire crescent, the gift of her brother, Mr. Philip Toller, and a handsome hoop ring of diamonds and pearls were the only ornaments worn by the bride and she carried a large shower bouquet of roses, which later in the day was thrown by her according to custom, among the guests and was caught by the maid of honor. The bride's attendants, every one agreed, were a strikingly pretty quartette, in their dainty pink gowns of chiffon over silk, the bodices of which were arranged over blouses of tuscan lace. Their hats were particularly becoming, being of golden straw with crowns of Dresden chiffon, round which lay large pink roses, with gracefully arranged bows of pink ribbon falling over the back hair. The maid of honor wore long pink ostrich plumes in place of the ribbon. They all wore the groom's gifts, gold pins with pearl initials "G and V" and carried lovely bouquets of pink roses. The bride presented the best man, Mr. Ainslee Greene, and the ushers with pearl necktie pins.

The ceremony over the guests, who numbered over two hundred, drove to Col. Toller's residence in Chapel street, when the bride and groom stood under a floral design of two large hearts intertwined made of red and white carnations, and received the hearty handshakes and congratulations of their many well-wishers, among whom they are each great favorites. After the usual toasts and speeches, Mr. and Mrs. Greene left, under a perfect torrent of silver confetti, to catch the five o'clock train to Montreal. From there they went on to New York where they took a steamer for Norfolk, Virginia, to spend a three weeks' honeymoon with relatives there. Mrs. Greene travelled in a very smart tailored costume of grey broadcloth, the coat opening over a dainty blouse of Valenciennes lace, and her hat was of tuscan straw trimmed with sunset roses and brown ribbon. Every one is delighted that it is not necessary for the bride to leave her native city, and Mr. and Mrs. Greene will, on their return, occupy a pretty home in McLaren street.

Mrs. Toller, mother of the bride, looked extremely well in black silk, embroidered in sequins with an exquisite scarf and trimmings of old rose point lace, white mohair hat with jet trimmings and white plume. Lady Tilley, the bride's aunt, was charming in violet velvet with quantities of rich old lace. Miss Laura Toller, who will very soon follow in the footsteps of Wednesday's bride, was becomingly gowned all in white. Miss McMurrich, of Toronto, was in pale blue crepe de chine and hat of white with fancy ribbon and pink roses.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, April 29th, 1907.



The Grand Trunk Pavilion at the Jamestown Exposition

This exposition was officially opened at Norfolk, Va., by President Roosevelt yesterday and will continue in progress until November next.

The above picture is a reproduction from a photograph of the handsome cottage erected by the Grand Trunk Railway System at the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition now being held at Norfolk, Va.

It combines in its entirety an effect of the "ARTS & CRAFTS" with a wide verandah surrounding the front half of the structure. It is situated on a plot 50 x 100 feet, in one of the best locations on the grounds, within a stone's throw of the Manufacturers and Liberal Arts Building, and a short distance from the "War Path," that portion of the grounds set apart for the lighter attractions, a portion which will be similar to the "Midway" of the Chicago World's Fair, and "The Pike" at the St. Louis World's Fair. The interior is of Elizabethan design, and finished in dark colors, a series of large photographic views being inserted in the panels that form the inner sheathing of the walls. A decorative frieze in colors and executed in oils adorns the upper portion of the walls, and consists of subjects symbolical of Canadian manufactures, industries, summer vacation haunts, transportation, hunting in Canada, etc. A collection of mounted animals, fish and birds native to the Canadian forest and waters is also shown, and a series of moving picture machines projecting scenes along the line of the Grand Trunk form another attractive feature.

It is estimated that from eight to ten million people will visit this exhibition during its progress. The Grand Trunk Building is the only Canadian structure on the grounds. It is made entirely of shingles. It is both unique and artistic and is designed by the UNITED ARTS AND CRAFTS, 91 King St. W., Toronto, and is certainly a credit to these Canadian designers and decorators whose work is so rapidly coming to the front.



We're selling "thorough-bred" four-cylinder automobiles, of high-grade construction and finish, at a price considerably less than the average touring car.

"The Cadillac"

represents more than mere money-saving. In every detail it typifies really superior mechanical achievement, embodying features and improvements found only in the most expensive machines.

Ask for a demonstration and get a list of Toronto people already owning Cadillac Cars. The more you go into details the better we are pleased.

HYSLOP BROS., Limited

209 Yonge St. - - - - - Toronto

Sole Agents for

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The Queen's Royal

NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE

Season Opens June 8th Militia Encampment June 12th

Delightfully situated in a private park on the shore of Lake Ontario, at the mouth of the Niagara River. Unequalled facilities for the enjoyment of tennis, golf and lawn bowling. Fine roads, bathing, boating and black bass fishing. Casino and New Country Club. Cuisine and Service unequaled in Canada. Booklet and terms on application. Well equipped garage with all accessories.

WINNETT & THOMPSON, Props. L. W. MAXSON, Manager.

Niagara Navigation Company, Limited

—FOR—

Buffalo, Niagara Falls, New York

STEAMER TIME TABLE

In effect May 1st, daily (except Sunday) from foot of Yonge Street.

Leave Toronto—7.30 a.m., 2 p.m.,

Arrive Toronto—1.15 p.m., 8.30 p.m.

BOOK TICKETS ON SALE

City Ticket Office, ground floor, Traders Bank Building.

ESTABLISHED NEARLY 50 YEARS

Gerhard Heintzman Pianos

Hold the place of
honor as Canada's
most artistic piano

Factory:
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TORONTO

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Special
\$5.00 Trousers**

HAVE A NATIONAL REPUTATION
WORN FROM COAST TO COAST
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TAILORS**
113 West King St. TORONTO.

Opinions and Experiences of KELSEY Users. . . .

Valley City Flour Mills.
The Kerr Milling Co.,
Merchant Millers.

London, Ont., Jan'y 9th, 07. 490

Messrs. James Smart Mfg. Co.,
Brockville.

Gentlemen,—

Re the Kelsey Heater, each of the undersigned
has one in his home and experiences the very best of satis-
faction with it.

A few years ago the writer was on a committee
to buy a furnace for a Parsonage, and your "Kelsey" was de-
cided on. It gave such good results that we soon had one in
the church as well, and when it came to heating our homes of
course, we could not close our eyes to the good points of the
"Kelsey" as an economical and scientific heating device.

A bare recital of above facts is about the
strongest thing we can say about our opinion of the heater.

Yours truly,

"THERE'S
ONLY,
ONE
WARM
[AIR]
GENERATOR."

Robert Kerr
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**"KELSEY" GENERATORS ARE Heat Makers
Fuel Savers**

For Home---Church---School

The "Kelsey Booklet" Should be of Interest.

SOLE KELSEY MAKERS

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BROCKVILLE - ONTARIO

Western Branch - - - - Winnipeg, Manitoba

STRATHCONA AS HE IS TO-DAY

The King and Queen, they say, call
the Veteran Canadian Railroad
Builder "Uncle Donald."

AT half-past nine o'clock on the
morning of November 7, 1885,
at Craigellachie, British Columbia, an
old man whose hair was snowy white,
drove a golden spike into the cedar
tie upon which the rails met from
east and west.

The man was Donald Smith. The
spike completed the Canadian Pacific.
In the terrible five years of its build-
ing, from 1880 to 1885, he had
changed from a strong, black-bearded,
sturdy man to a white-haired veteran.

In the year following Mr. Smith
was rewarded for his services with
knighthood in the Order of St. Mich-
ael and St. George. His cousin Mr.
Stephen, had already been recognized
with a baronetcy, and both had been
immortalized in the names of two of
the greatest mountains of the Cana-
dian Rockies, Mount Donald and
Mount Stephen.

Since the completion of the Cana-
dian Pacific Railway, Lord Strath-
cona's appearance has scarcely alter-
ed. At the age of eighty-four, says a
writer in The World's Work, his eyes
are as clear as they were thirty years
ago. His form is slightly bent with
age, but he still walks with firm and
steady step. He talks freely and
brightly on the topics of the day,
though never committing himself on
matters of state, and he always makes
his visitor feel at ease from the mo-
ment he begins conversation to the
time when he bids him a cheery
"Good-by."

It is this sense of persistent kind-
liness that has won for him such a
host of friends. Once you have ex-
perienced it you can well understand
why the King and the Queen of Eng-
land dispense with all formality
where he is concerned—why they call
him "Uncle Donald." You feel that
he is "Uncle Donald" to you and to
all people who come within the circle
of his friendship. This characteristic
sums up the man as he is to-day.

There is one little feature which
may mean much or little, but which
a visitor to Lord Strathcona cannot
but notice. When indoors he always
wears a little brown hat of silk, daintily
crocheted, on the top of his head,
to cover the place where the once
abundant hair has disappeared.

Why he wears this little cap no-
body seems to know, but there must
be some reason of no ordinary nature,
for it gives him a great deal of
trouble, slipping over his head when-
ever he turns with a quick movement,
as he often does when engaged in a
conversation which interests him. He
always balances it again carefully.

It may be some gift of the olden
days, some memento of a faithful In-
dian friend during his long and lonely
sojourn in the Canadian wilds, or it
may be the work of his wife's hands.
Certain it is that some interesting his-
tory attaches to it, and that Lord
Strathcona sets a high value on the
little square of worked silk.

Lord Strathcona sits close by his
visitor, and sometimes lays his hand
on your knee with a gesture of pater-
nal friendliness. At other times he
will lean back with folded arms, his
bright, deep-set keen eyes twinkling
with a merry light. The bushy, over-
arching white eyebrows but add to
the kindness of the man's whole
countenance.

Dolls were the idols, after his be-
loved instrument, of Domenico Drag-
onetti, the king of the double bass.
He had, says the London Evening
Standard, a huge collection of these
puppets dressed in various national
costumes and wherever Dragonetti
went the dolls were sure to go. That
was only one of this eccentric gen-
ius's peculiarities.

He would never play unless his
dog were in the orchestra and no-
body would have got a note out of
him unless he had been permitted to
sit in the orchestra next to the stage
door. This was a precaution to en-
able him to save his wonderful instru-
ment in case of fire.

The instrument itself he bought
from the monastery of St. Pietro
when on a visit to Vincenza, and
when he died he bequeathed it to
St. Mark's, Venice, to be used at
solemn services.

Any statesman can bust up a trust,
if the people insist that he must.
But the worst of it is
In this trust-busting biz
That the blamed things will never
stay bust.—Life.

"Brokely borrowed money from me
this morning," said Little: "he told
me he wanted to buy a pocketbook."
"Oh, I see," exclaimed Large: "he
was getting something for nothing."
—Harper's Weekly.



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HAVANA CIGARS

GO

TO A. CLUBB & SONS

Direct Importers

5 King West

English Smoking Tobaccos

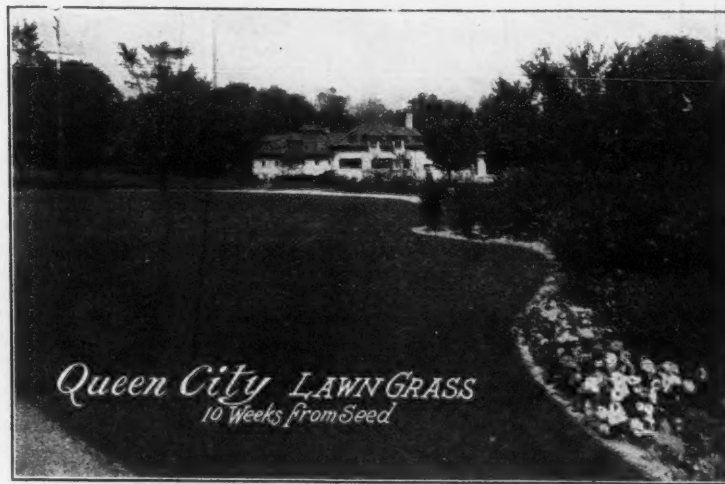
are generally acknowledged to be superior to
those manufactured in other countries.

Connoisseurs accord first place, even among
English Tobaccos, to

Craven Smoking Mixture



Sow STEELE BRIGGS' QUEEN CITY LAWN GRASS SEED



It's
Cheaper
and
Better
than
Sodding

Try It

This mixture soon forms a permanent green, velvety sward. Price per lb., 25c. One pound is sufficient
for a plot 20 x 20 feet.

QUEEN CITY LAWN FERTILIZER

is much better than manure for your lawn. It's easily applied, and not offensive to either sight or
smell, works quickly and is cheap. Price—10 lbs, 75c; 25 lbs, \$1.25; 100 lbs, \$3.50.

SWEET PEAS, NASTURTIUMS, and other FLOWER SEEDS

ALL THE BEST AND NEWEST VARIETIES.

The Steele Briggs Seed Co., Limited

Phone Main 1982

130-132 King St. East, TORONTO



TENDERS FOR DREDGING.

TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and
endorsed "Tender for Dredging," will be
received up to and including Monday, May 6th,
1907, for the dredging required at the following
places in the Province of Ontario during the
present year: Belle River, Chenal Ecoute, God-
rich, Kincardine, Port Elgin, Port Huron,
Point Edward, Port Stanley, Roadcar, River
Thames, Warton, Blind River, Sydenham
River, Brantford, Bronte, Bruchbridge, Meaford,
Owen Sound, Thornbury, Toronto, Waukegan,
Windsor, Windsor, Nigger and Telegraph
Islands, Trenton Harbor and Dark Channel,
Penetanguishene, Midland, Hamilton, Colborne,
Combined specification and form of tender
can be obtained at the Department of Public
Works, Ottawa. Tenders must include the
towing of the plant to and from the works.
Only dredgers can be employed which are regis-
tered in Canada at the time of filing of tenders.
Contractors must be ready to begin work
within thirty days after the date they have
been notified of the acceptance of their tender.
Tenders will not be considered unless made
on the form supplied, and signed with the
actual signatures of tenderers.
An accepted cheque on a chartered bank,
payable to the order of the Honourable the
Minister of Public Works, for one thousand
dollars (\$1,000), must accompany each tender as
security deposit in connection with the dredg-
ing to be performed. The cheque will be re-
turned in case of non-acceptance of tender.
The Department does not bind itself to ac-
cept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,
FRED. GRILINAS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, April 17, 1907.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement
without authority from the Department will
not be paid for it.

BANK OF HAMILTON DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 12%
per cent. on the Capital Stock of the Bank,
being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, for
the quarter ending 31st May, has this day been
declared, and that the same will be payable at
the Bank and its branches on 1st June next.

The Transfer Books will be closed from 24th
to 31st May, both inclusive.

By order of the board,
J. TURNBULL,
General Manager
Hamilton, 22nd April, 1907.



CANADA'S APPRECIATION

—OF—
SCOTLAND'S NATIONAL BEVERAGE

bids fair to become even more pronounced by
reason of the introduction in this market of

"Robbie Burns"

PROPRIETORS:

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